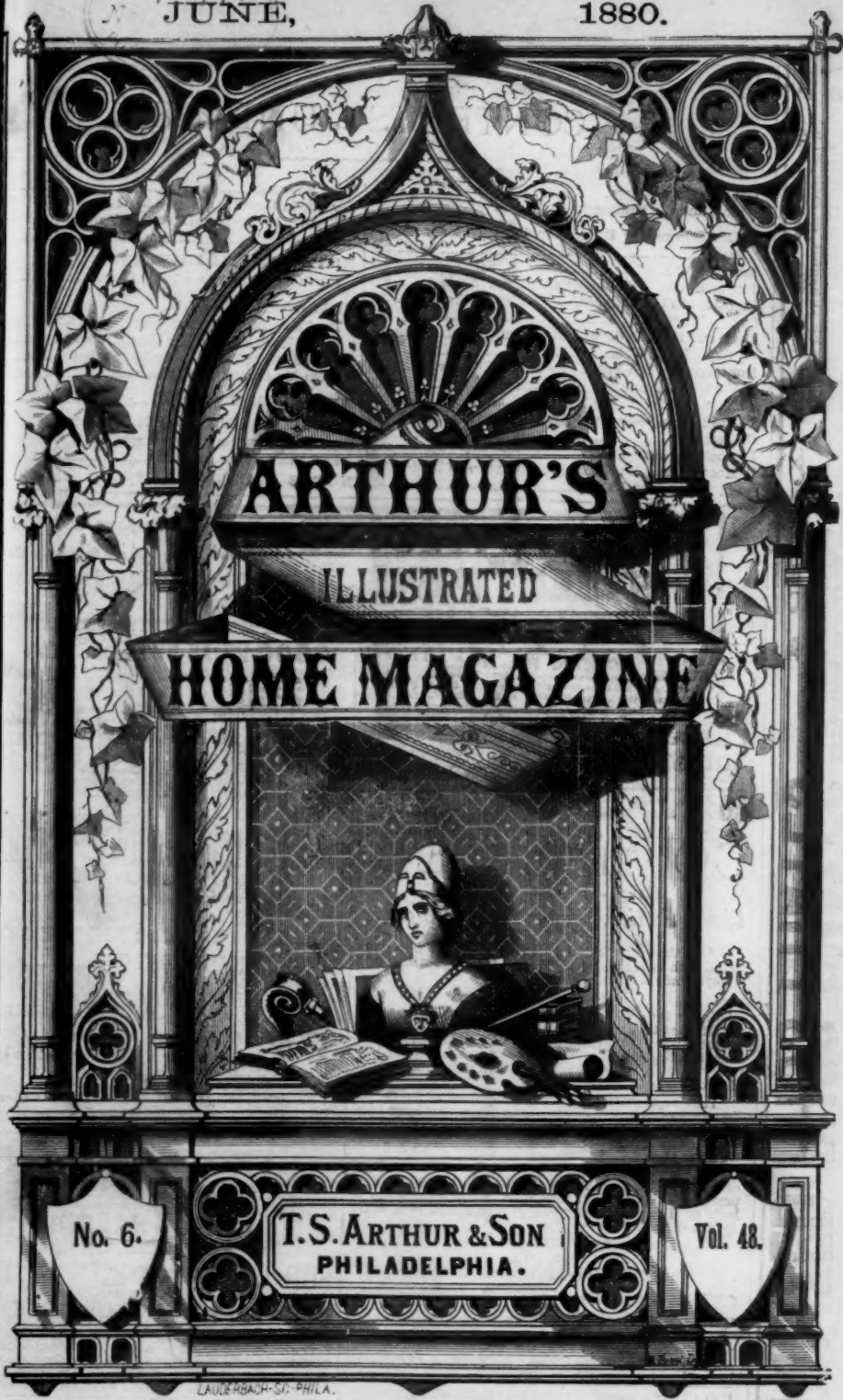


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VIOLA AND THE MINIATURE.—Page 577.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII.

JUNE, 1880.

No. 6.

## A LAY SERMON FOR BRIDAL COUPLES.

"So live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

IT was a very lovely and impressive scene the marriage ceremony at which, I was usually present in the little village church of —. White lilies and other pure and lovely flowers adorned and perfumed the sanctuary. The organist played his sweetest strains as the bridal couple advanced up the chancel, the young man looking so strong, and firm, and noble, so well fitted to protect and cherish the maiden by his side whose golden hair gleamed through her bridal veil like a star through a soft, white cloud, and whose mingled feelings of agitation and of shy, tremulous happiness

"No, bide April of her tender face."

None could look on the scene without interest and reverence. To the young, it seemed a sweet prophecy of a time when their lives, too, would be blended with another "dearer life in life," and thereby be rounded and completed. To older persons, it brought memories which were to many of them the interest and most exquisite of their lives, while it is to be feared that to many it brought sad, and perhaps even bitter thoughts. At all events, it touched some vital chord with all.

As the service neared its close, and the clergyman uttered those beautiful and impressive words, "The Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live together in this life, even in the world to come ye may have life everlasting," it almost seemed to me as if an angel spoke, so sweet and solemn were the words, so noble and heavenly the sentiment they expressed. They struck the right key-note to the real and true of marriage, which was not limited to a state of "flesh fellowship," its sole aim for each partner to minister to the ease, comfort and gratification of the other. No; husband and wife were intended, above all, to assist each other in living the truer, and higher, and better life, in performing wider and nobler uses than either would be capa-

ble of doing without the other. They were intended to

"Walk this world  
Yoked in all exercise of noble end."

To help each other to attain the highest degree of spiritual perfection and the greatest measure of usefulness possible to either. And they are capable of effecting all this for each other, because each one is the complement and fulfillment of the other's being; hence the influence they can bring to bear on each other are incomparably fuller, stronger, more searching and more interior than would be possible in the case of any two human beings differently circumstanced toward each other. The tenderest parent and child, the most loving brother and sister, the most intimate friends could not possibly so help and minister to each other, so influence and modify each other's life and nature as a husband and wife could do.

Marriage is altogether holy and divine in its origin, descending from God, and originating in the union of His divine love and wisdom. Man, in whom reason is the predominant principle, represents truth or wisdom, whilst woman, whose nature is more tender and emotional, represents love or goodness, the two together forming one full and complete life, and affording, when joined together by God in goodness and in truth, such a plane for the descent of "spiritual benediction and grace" as can be found in no other condition or relation of human life.

It is a truth, that the world at large is not yet fitted to receive, and would perhaps scoff at, that the state of one's love and happiness in marriage is determined by the state of one's religion, that in proportion as any one is principled in the knowledge and love of God, and performs His service, he is capable of entering into a true marriage, which corresponds to and involves the spiritual marriage of goodness and truth in the soul.

A man and woman, when they enter into the marriage state, should have not only a mutual love, but a common one—the love of God—to draw them together to a divine and everlasting centre. No love is strong, and deep, and steadfast without this

(321)



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A man and woman, when they enter into the marriage state, should have not only a mutual love, but a common one—the love of God—to draw them together to a divine and everlasting centre. No love is strong, and deep, and steadfast without this

centre. Adelaide Proctor expresses this idea with great beauty and purity, in a poem entitled "Because."

"It is not because your heart is mine—  
 Mine only,  
 Mine alone;  
 It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely  
 For your own;  
 Not because the earth is fairer and the skies  
 Spread above you  
 Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes  
 That I love you!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 "But because this human love, though true and sweet—  
 Yours and mine—  
 Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,  
 More divine;  
 That it lends our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,  
 Far above you,  
 Do I take you as a gift that God has given—  
 And I love you."

A newly-married couple do not realize in the glory and freshness of their early love and happiness that each one of them is merely human and very imperfect, having weaknesses and defects which the other must be patient with and assist in removing. As time goes on, it is inevitable that traits unnoted during courtship and the honeymoon should come to light. I do not refer to any startling or direful developments, but only to the dawning on each married partner of the fact that the other one is neither an angel nor a demi-god or goddess. This process of character coming to the light may seem to be an undesirable and unpleasing one, but it is not hurtful where the marriage is built on a solid foundation. Indeed, it is essential to the assimilation of two natures, for this cannot take place so long as they may abide merely on the surface, no matter how smooth and pleasant that may be, but must be accomplished by a descent into the depths of life and character beneath. But where the husband and wife have a real love for each other, grounded in a higher love, this will but lead to a fuller and deeper union between them, and enable them to taste the sweetness and sacredness of married love ripened and tested, the rich and mellow fruition of their early season of blossoming. It is like it is in the course of our regeneration. In the early stages of our spiritual life, we are so filled with high aspirations and bright visions of truth, that we do not realize that we have not yet attained to a serene and abiding spiritual peace and elevation. This can come only by self-abnegation, self-repression and much patient and faithful striving. The same may be said of the blending of two souls and lives into one lovely whole. This can be accomplished only by earnest and patient effort to put away evil and conform themselves to the order and spirit of Heaven.

We do not idly drift into any great good, but we attain it by "rowing hard against the stream" of hostile influences within and without. God put Adam into the Garden of Eden "to dress and to keep it." (Gen. i, 15). Its order, beauty and fertility were to depend on Adam's care and exertions. So it is with the garden of our souls and lives, so it is when we enter into the marriage state. We must dress and keep the garden diligently and faithfully. We must cherish its tender and exquisite blossoms, and they will gladden and uplift our hearts with their loveliness and fragrance. We must tend its noble trees which God created "pleasant to the sight and good for food," and they will give us shade from the sultry glare of life, and yield us rich and abundant fruitage. We will find weeds and briars ready to spring up in the Eden of marriage, as in every other condition of life. Perhaps we will find them more so, for as the love, and happiness, and uses of marriage are greater and more exalted than those belonging to any other condition or relation of human life, so are the snares and temptations attending it perhaps proportionally greater, for evil spirits assail with peculiar violence whatever is most holy.

I will not speak of the things that turn marriage into a tragedy. This would lend too sombre a hue to my pages. I wish merely to say a few words about some of the things that shut out the sunshine and blight the flowers of married love and life, or, indeed, of any phase of love and life. There is a line by Tennyson which ought to be used as a motto, especially by married couples, emblazoned in letters of gold, and hung up constantly in their sight. This line contains a lesson and a warning essential to the preservation of the sweetness of love and life. It runs thus:

"Love is hurt with jar and fret."

There is nothing that impairs the sweetness, lowers the standard and chills the atmosphere of love like "jar and fret." The great trials, cares and temptations of life need not have this effect. If met in the right spirit, these do but render love closer, stronger and deeper. But "jar and fret!" How ignoble they are! How utterly unlovely! How they "keep our hearts out of tune with Heaven!" I do not refer to vulgar strife and altercations which are not apt to occur between persons of decorum and refinement. I mean little clashings, little speeches of impatience or fault-finding, little acts of petulance. It is mournful to think that a man and woman who each once prized the lightest heart-throb of the other beyond all earthly treasures, and who still love each other in the main, should sometimes come gradually (and, doubtless, unconsciously) to inflict little stings on each other as time goes on, care and responsibility increase, and the hurry and turmoil of life press on them. Each one would probably be

willing to give his or her life for the other, on a great emergency, and yet they cannot or do not restrain the hasty, impatient word, or the habit of fretting and complaining, whereby the sunshine of daily life is so overshadowed. If they wish to have "sweetness and light" in their lives and in their home, they *must* watch against and repress the first tendency to be impatient, fault-finding, complaining or reproachful. Love will survive and triumph over care, sorrow, separation and death itself, but "jar and fret" eat into it like a canker-worm into the heart of an exquisite rose.

Repose and serenity are the atmosphere native to love, for love is of heavenly origin, and "the tranquility of peace" is an essential element of Heaven. The "sweet influences" from above cannot flow down freely where such hostile elements as "jar and fret" impede them. Let husbands and wives lay this to heart, and strive to put away "jar and fret," and every other evil, from their hearts and lives, "that they may so live together in this life, that in the world to come they may have life everlasting."

MARY W. EARLY.

### RUTH.

I GREET thee, woman of the past!

I stretch my hands adown the years,  
And, fondly gazing through my tears,  
Behold my sister—mine at last.

Come close—for thou immortal art—  
Come close, that we in gentle speech  
Confide experience, each to each,  
And walk on sweetly, heart to heart.

Thou loved and lost, as I have done,  
Thou "clave" to her who gave him birth,  
And sure of love's eternal worth,  
Vowed union till thy race be run.

"Thy people," truly they are mine,  
O my Naomi, hearken me!  
For his dear sake I cling to thee,  
And deem thy favor more than wine.

Hear Ruth revived in my poor wail,  
"Entreat me not," "entreat me not,"  
Scarce can I bear my heavy lot,  
Unless this eager plea avail.

"Whither thou goest," lonely soul!  
Permit my tender feet to roam;  
Grant me a nook within thy home,  
Let me lie near thee at the goal.

Ruth, sister Ruth! the mother yields;  
Thank God! our fate is still alike,  
The hour, new hour! doth clearly strike,  
Henceforth I glean among his fields.

"Kiz."

### TWO SPARROWS.

I MET them in the Park, these morsels of humanity, these birds with the immortal wings, who nestled for a season under the eaves of my affection, then flitted to other scenes, other loves. My companions had scattered this way and that, some mansion and some river-ward, whilst I, keeping nominal guard over lunch-box, books and baskets, communed with my own thoughts.

The day was May's loveliest. A blue wedge of sky, a golden wedge of water, cleft the shimmering leaves above and below the breezy point I occupied. Across the blue floated tiny clouds, like whitest roses blowing south, across the gold shot boats and oarsmen.

"An instant seen, and instant gone."

Unless one's mood is passive there's no really quiet nook in all the Park's length and breadth. Mine chanced to be unusually so that afternoon. Footsteps passing or loitering, snatches of conversation, ripples and trills of laughter, did not disturb me in the least, or, what is stranger still, since human nature is one of my profoundest studies, failed to awaken the slightest degree of interest. I am not aware what depths of thought were being fathomed, or how many cloud-castles reared their turrets, when two children, a girl and a boy, come whispering and tiptoeing around. At first I paid no heed to them. They were one with innumerable things creeping, flying, or walking around me; only part of the flash, whirl and stir of life on earth or in air, to which I was content to sit and gaze at, or listen to, dreamily.

I'm not prepared to say from what deep soundings of thought I emerged, or how many aerial stairs I descended when the third-time charm of a question, repeated in a little chirping voice, brought me to my right senses.

"Doin' 'ome soon, 'ady?"

The light on the water was creeping toward summer's sunset in the golden west, that bit of sky was bluer, the leaves darkening, the girls would be back shortly, yes, I expected to start for home soon.

"Dot anysing to eat in 'at basket?" was the next question.

"Yes, I have biscuit, and I shouldn't wonder if I had cake."

There's no accounting for children's moods. A sudden shyness fell on the pretty pair. The girl looking down, pushing her bare toes in the velvety grass, the boy pulling his straw hat over his face and flashing upon me, through a split in the crown, two of the bonniest, brownest eyes I ever met.

It was evident they lived in the immediate vicinity and belonged among the poorer classes. Yet their general neatness, an innate charm of



manner, together with that exquisite refinement of feature and expression, bore witness to natures reaching up and out beyond life's dull level. Seeking something they have not known, never to find it perhaps.

The little creatures were hungry. Doubtless there were more mouths to fill at home than food wherewith to fill them. Dipping into my basket I brought up two cookies with currant-jelly eyes, and held them out. This brought sister and brother to my side with a bound. The rapture of anticipation making sunshine in the shady pools of their eyes, the girl's cheeks catching the color of wild roses, the boy's crinkling and rippling with dimples. They seemed to take it as a matter of course that I meant to give them all there was left, and so I did. Then off they scampered, two tiny figures with bare, glimmering feet, all bathed in the glow of the westerling sun one moment, lost in leafy distance the next.

June's rose-chain was slipping off, withering and falling away under July's scorching breath, before I visited the Park again. Our party had discussed the propriety of returning home, having spent the entire day there, but previous to packing up, stood watching the sunset sky.

A purple cloud-fleet moored in a golden sea, violet surf breaking on an upper shore of blue and amber, dashes of red from an under world of color, such was the wondrous picture on which I gazed when a little, liquid voice, addressed me.

"'Ady."

I had longed to see them, these small creatures, these human sparrows that had brushed my bounty with their wings, then taken flight. Yes, I had actually yearned after them, yet scarce expected ever to meet them again. Now, here they stood beside me, white clover-bells around the little brown hats, golden touches on cheek and hair.

"I think I know what you want," I exclaimed, catching a tangle of brown curls on either head and making believe to pull them. "You're after cookies with the red eyes."

"Did you give us cookies with red eyes?" asked the girl, demurely.

"They may forget the giver, but they don't forget the cakes," I remarked, with an amused glance at my companions, still, I must confess, a trifle disappointed. "I did," I replied, answering the child.

"And the pie?"

My enthusiasm was at its lowest ebb. Evidently some one else had emptied their lunch-basket for these young gormands.

"No," I answered, confessing my short-comings, "not the pie."

"Have you had supper?" asked the girl, flashing a glance at me, then, as before, casting down her eyes and pushing her pink toes in the lush grass.

"Yes, we've had our at-the-Park supper."

"Dot any lef'?" chirped the boy.

"See here, girls," I said, "these children don't look like professional beggars, let's go home with them and see what this means."

"Agreed," and "agreed," chorused the girls, yet no sooner were we fairly started under the children's ready lead, than their countenances lengthened. They became the prey of all sorts of anxieties. However, passing beyond Park limits, and walking a short distance, we overtook our guides, who trotted steadily ahead all the way, and had now stepped before an open door. The house was one of a long, melancholy row, and the girls looked dubious until Minnie caught sight of a sign on an adjoining shutter.

"Here's Mrs. Blyck's, layer out of the dead, I know her well, suppose we go in and find out if the folks in the next house are respectable."

There were several families.

Mrs. Blyck said: "It's considered stylish to rent out along here. There's five in with me."

She knew little or nothing about the people next door, excepting this, which piece of information she delivered with great dignity and emphasis.

"The lady as owns this house owns the row. She's respectable herself, and takes particular care as none but respectable people rent the houses, and none but respectable families git in with them. That's all I know. My business is lookin' after the dead, not the livin'."

We left Mrs. Blyck's "dismal den," ready to scream with merriment, but sobered down on discovering our juvenile escort had disappeared.

"I'm not to be baffled," I exclaimed, "I'm going to ring the bell."

A shabby-genteel girl answered my summons with a scowl on her pretty face.

"Two children came in here a moment ago," I said, in my most agreeable tone and manner, hoping to see her countenance relax. "Will you please tell me what part of the house their parents occupy?"

After a prolonged stare, she replied: "Second floor back."

Up we went, followed by the sullen, brooding eyes.

In a plainly furnished room we found our little elves in company with a fresh-cheeked, English girl, some eighteen or twenty years of age. I knew there was an open path through that genial nature and healthy life, when in answer to Minnie's profuse apologies for our intrusion, she replied: "Don't trouble, I'm used to young ladies. I live out. There's six where I'm serving now. Maybe you know the Newtons and 'ave 'eard of me. I'm Maria Molesworth."

"I'm not acquainted with the Newtons, Mrs. Molesworth."

"Bless you, Miss," she said, interrupting me,

"I'm not married. These are not my children."

Her extreme frankness, coupled with a modest grace and ease of deportment, rendered it impossible for us to explain the object of our visit to our own credit or satisfaction.

She helped us out, however, this yellow-haired, pleasant-voiced, English girl.

"Go to the window on the stairs and look out, my dearies," she said to the children. "They told me you 'ad come 'ome with them," she continued, after they pattered out, then ran on with their history as though we had a fair title to hear not only that, but no inconsiderable portion of her own also.

Before Viola had quite measured her second year, and while Victor was in his sixth month, their mother died. Immediately following this event Mr. Verdier went to his native France to see after some property he had a real or fancied claim to, leaving the little ones entirely dependent on Maria for their support.

"I 'ear from 'im," she assured us, the color deepening on her pink cheeks, "but 'e 'as nothing to send me. And now," she said, tears welling up into the blue eyes, "I'll tell you 'ow my babies 'appen to be running around like beggars. If I could 'elp it by working my fingers off, I would. If their father ever finds it out 'e 'll never forgive me, never."

Victor Verdier's ears would have tingled uncomfortably had this been a time to speak our minds. As it was not, we spared those aristocratic members by remaining silent.

"'Aving to sleep at 'ome and be 'ere some, I don't get 'igh wages; still, with the things Mrs. Newton gives me to make over, and 'elp from the societies in winter, I've managed to get along this three years. When it's pleasant, I send the children to the Park with a bite of something to eat. Or," here a painful flush crossed her features, "I used to; and that did them till I got back at night. This May I met with a loss. I come 'ome one evening to find my rent raised, and the money laid by to pay it stolen out of my drawer. While I was crying and wondering where my babies would get their supper, they came in, Viola 'ugging a bag of crackers and sandwiches, Victor with 'is 'at full of cakes. A lady at the Park 'ad asked would they like to take them 'ome, and sure enough the infants were real glad, 'aving only 'ad a wee bite of a dinner. They brought enough for our supper and breakfast, too; and next morning as I tied on my bonnet, wondering what I'd do for my dearies that day, a flock of sparrows we often fed settled in the yard below, and began picking up the crumbs. Then I remembered there was something in the Bible about them, and was moved 'unt it up. 'Ere it is; I wrote it on a card and pinned it to the wall."

Stepping to where it hung, she read slowly: "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Then, turning toward us, her fair English face eloquent with feeling, she continued: "Don't you see? I put these things together—getting the food, the coming of the birds and Scripture—and this is the thought that was brought to me: my babies were of more value than many sparrows. If that chattering little flock could come into our garden and eat our crumbs without any sense of shame, couldn't I send my song-birds to the Park, trusting the good Lord to feed and watch over them? Couldn't I do this and not feel I was disgracing them or their father? I reasoned this way, too. Many a person don't want to take 'ome what's left. The lady that gave the cakes and sandwiches didn't. So I instructed the little ones particularly, being careful not to put the idea of begging into their 'eads; and from what they tell me, I believe they took it all in. You're the first that ever come inquiring after them, and you can't think how frightened I was, till you, Miss," this to me, "kissed them both, and you," to Minnie, "shook your 'ead and called them 'Precious little runaways.'"

Rest assured, we did all in our power to comfort and encourage the solitary creature—she being the only member of her family in this country—and left, promising to call again. My interest in each individual member of this small household was so intense, I refused to lend countenance to any picnic party not having Strawberry Mansion in view. As a matter of course, I met Vi and Vic frequently, and came to consider my day's enjoyment incomplete unless I accompanied them home and had a chat with Ira, as they called her.

It was my good fortune speedily to win a warm place in her affections, and one day, when we were quite alone, she opened a page in her life which filled me with vague forebodings. Having previously shown me Mr. Verdier's photograph, she now confessed their engagement. This revelation sent a chill to my heart. There was an instinctive feeling that the original of that cold, proud, handsome portrait would never marry this serving-girl, sensible and modest though she was. The engagement was merely a convenience; she was sacrificing herself in vain.

Event followed event rapidly. Autumn was just beginning to touch the leaves, and lay sere colors over the landscape, when I learned that Mr. Verdier had come into undisputed possession of his property, had been on and taken the children away with him, leaving Ira the image of despair.

"'E said I might look for 'im this winter, and to get ready. But why didn't 'e take me now?" she wailed. "Oh, why didn't 'e take me now?"

As you know, I served in his rich wife's father's family, and when she was turned off for marrying 'im, I, only a slip of a girl, left 'ome for love of them, and 'elped them to get a living. I've done all I could for 'im and the babies ever since the mother died. And now to take them and leave me! It's 'ard! Oh, it's 'ard!"

He had said she might look, and to get ready. It required no far-reaching vision to see that she might watch, prepare in vain. With a great longing in my own heart after the birds flown to sunny France, I nevertheless did all I could to cheer Ira without holding out any false hope. We cried together over a picture Mr. Verdier had taken especially for her, kissed the bright, speaking little faces and parted.

One month later, a letter from a girl-friend in Paris informed me that she was married to Victor Verdier, one of the richest and handsomest men in all that gay city—a widower, with two interesting, American-born children, Viola and Victor. What could I do but wait awhile, and keep silent before Ira?

One week after the reception of this news, I met her on the street.

"I was coming to your 'ouse to say good-bye," she said. "I sail for 'ome to-morrow."

I asked no questions. I knew she knew all. I promised to see her off, and did so. Just as she bade me adieu, she slipped into my hands a letter bearing a foreign postmark, and the tiny card containing the Bible verses she had copied.

"That," meaning the letter, "will tell you," she said, her eyes fixed on me with a strange, glassy stare, her very lips white. "'E thinks money can pay a servant girl for her love as well as for her labor. I took it, Miss; I wouldn't shadow 'is path by letting on, so I took it."

I was about to speak, but she motioned me to silence.

"You loved my babies, didn't you?" she asked, searching my face with eager, appealing gaze.

"Dearly."

"Promise me, then, promise me, that if you ever meet 'im you'll be kind for their sakes and mine."

I was silent.

"Good-bye," she gasped.

How could I add one pang to that loving, tortured heart?

"I promise. I'll be kind."

A grateful look, a lingering pressure of the hand, then a hurrying figure with veiled face, and Ira, too, was gone.

After eighteen months of married life, my friend, Luliet Verdier, paid a flying visit to this country in company with her husband and step-children. He was even handsomer than his picture; but it was a cold, proud, repellant sort of face—a face to

"Win the eye, but not the mind."

My gay young friend seemed contented with her lot, however, and declared herself perfectly happy.

Their lives being spent in a whirl of excitement, there was no opportunity for either to weary of the other, and probably no time to spare in disputes, had they been ever so disposed to disagree.

Viola and Victor were in charge of a French nurse, a bright, innocent creature, to whom they were devoted, and who seemed equally absorbed in them. With their pretty, Parisian accents, little cajoling ways, and simple yet charming costumes, I found them as lovable, as attractive as ever. Time had apparently erased every memory of Ira, of me, the Park and their bird-like lives under the waving branches. I was content to have it so, resigned also to part with them again, perhaps forever, knowing their young heads were serenely sheltered from life's storms.

Ira had already written three times. Shortly after the Verdiers' departure, I received a fourth letter, containing a piece of news for which a former had prepared me.

"He has a little property," so ran this bit of information, "and is an honest, industrious, God-fearing man. He's been disappointed, too, he tells me, and says if we can't love one another like other folks, we can bear one another's burdens, and there's happiness in that."

I turned involuntarily to the little card she had given me, and which I had slipped under the glass of a picture in my room. Its "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows," seemed to reach out after Ira, and rest like a benediction on the yellow hair. Under blue, English skies that poor unnestled heart found tenderness, shelter, home.

MADGE CARROL.

BE WHAT YOU SEEM.—There is a class of men who acquire a good deal of prominence in the community—they are much talked about, and their names are often seen in print—yet, when you get at the real opinion entertained of them by those who know them best, you find they are but little respected. The reason is because they are not really true men. They affect to take a deep interest in reform movements, and to be largely occupied in philanthropic enterprises; but in truth they are hollow-hearted popularity-seekers, caring little for anybody but themselves. Such men cannot be truly happy, for they cannot experience any feeling of satisfaction with themselves. And indeed it is with himself that every man should keep account. He should make it his own study to be true, and real, and sincere. Even if he could obtain the respect of others without deserving it, he could not obtain his own. Be what you seem is a manly rule of life, worthy of every young man's adoption.

SKETCHES OF CHARMINGFARE.

COME, dear Louise, drop books and work, and come with me. This is a fine day for sight-seeing, and you are not familiar with the highways and byways of this our beloved town of Charmingfare.

Ah, the sky and the sunshine are so bright, and this warm south wind, with its balmy softness, tells us too truly that winter has fled and summer will soon be here.

Which way shall we turn Whither shall we go? There are so many points of interest to be visited, we cannot possibly get through with them all to-day.

You wish to see the spot where I once taught school? Very well, that was the road I wished to take, for it brings us to "Rocky Hill," which is as fine a place for sight-seeing as any hereabouts. There it is in the distance, that lofty eminence, from whose summit can be seen one of the finest landscapes in all New England, extending over a distance of more than forty miles, and stretching away to the eastward to the blue Atlantic, which is plainly visible upon a clear day.

An hour's hard trudging has at last brought us to the base of the hill. Here we will leave the solitary, winding country road, go through this gap in the moss-covered stone wall, and begin to ascend the hill. Very laborious our path is; but the view from the top will more than repay us. Patience has crowned our difficulties with success at last, and here we are upon the very summit.

What a scene lies before us! The blue Massabesic, the beautiful lake, whose name is suggestive of its Indian origin, hangs like a mirror amid the surrounding hills and forests. Westward rise the lofty summits of the Uncanoonuc, and there, where the sky and earth bend into one, we can just discern Wachusett, and the hoary head of Mount Tom. Eastward, among the hundred hills that lie between us and the horizon, are nestled the pretty towns and villages of old Rockingham.

And now let us turn to the nearer view. Not many rods from where we now stand was the first house which was built in Charmingfare. One hundred and thirty-five years ago, that lone settler built here his cabin in the dense, untried wilderness. In later years, I suppose a framed house was built upon the same spot, for within my recollection the walls were still standing. And here, a little way down the hill, is the old school-house, "low-roofed and red."

Kind friend, have you ever been a country school-teacher, teaching school in the winter and "boarding round?" If you have been, you know the charm that lies in these old-time memories. How the bright-eyed boys and girls used to bring their dinners and red-cheeked Baldwin apples to school, and warm them upon the little box-stove

up in the corner. Beautiful and brave lads and lassies, who were not afraid of the piercing cold and the winter's snow, that they might obtain such education as the "district school" afforded. But they are all scattered now, and the old, old story is told again—"some are married and some are dead."

But perhaps my long soliloquy has grown irksome to you, dear Louise, so we will pass on to another point in our rambles.

Yonder, do you see at the foot of the hill among the reeds and rushes that low-lying pond? Once it is said, that its waters swept over a wide extent of ground, and the canoe of the Indian hunter shot across its smooth and glassy surface.

Of this place, the romantic story is told of the Indian maiden, who, with her white lover, perished in its depths, preferring death rather than life as the bride of the young chief, to whom her father had promised her. An arrow from the hand of his rival pierced the heart of the pale face, and, as the waters clasped his sinking form, Wahnita, with a wild cry, plunged into the depths, and sank to rise no more.

Many are the traditions of those of the olden time, told of the spirit of the Indian maiden, which, it is said, haunted these green shores, and of the phantom canoe which on bright moonlight nights had been seen speeding across the lake. Very superstitious, no doubt, were some of these early settlers; yet, when the story is told, the incidents are sufficiently mournful to throw a veil of romance over the spot.

EMILY SANBORN.

SPRING FLOWERS.

UP through the wrinkled and naked earth,  
Tenderly sweet, tenderly fair,  
Crocuses blossom, snowdrops peep,  
Shyly, modestly, everywhere;  
Pale and purple violets creep,  
Filling with too much sweet the air;  
Blue-bells nod, and daffodils stare;  
Under the moss the hyacinths sleep,  
And dream not of sorrow or care,  
Waiting, waiting for summer's birth.

Deep in each dell and mossy vale,  
Lifts up the orchis her curious crown,  
Lovingly peeps the primrose pale  
At the cowslips, golden, orange and brown;  
The hedges are whitening for May,  
Where the fragrant, vagrant dog-rose blushes,  
And winter has passed away.  
When the bindweed peers through the bushes!  
All nature is smiling to-day,  
As the breath of the spring-time flushes.

Sunday Magazine.



## STAFFA AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

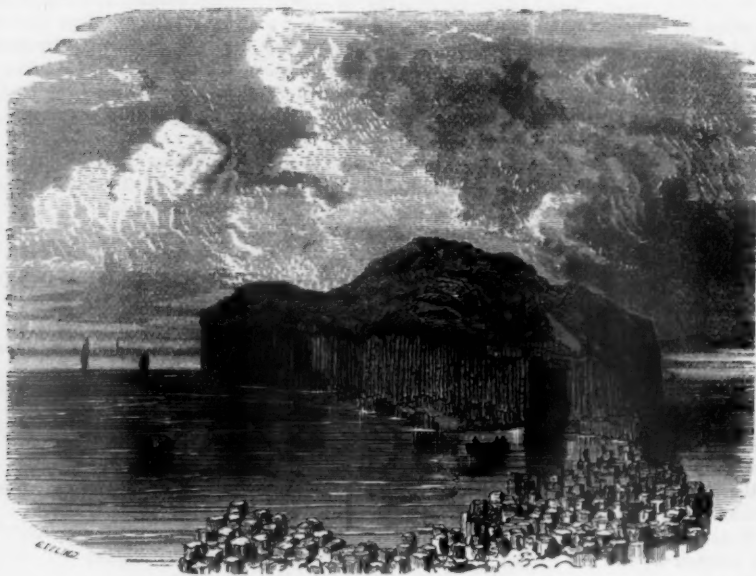
ALL of our readers, we presume, have heard of this marvel of nature, in the Isle of Staffa, which lies in the Atlantic Ocean, on the north-west coast of Scotland. But comparatively few, we think, are aware how small the island itself is. In fact, the cave is everything, as a reference to one of our engravings will show. To use the words of a recent tourist, "Staffa's island is but a little bit of grass and soil, just enough to cover respectably the basaltic ribs of its great wonder."

This grand cleft in the primeval rock, is, indeed, a natural Gothic cathedral, with its innumerable pillars, its vaulted roof and its solemn lights of purple and gold reflected from the water. The

line its walls for a considerable distance inward. So, it may yet be, in the remote future, that, little by little, Staffa will have become undermined, to crumble away and leave only the tops of a thousand shattered pillars to mark the place where of old existed one of earth's great wonders.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* in a recent letter from Iona, gives the following interesting account of a visit to Fingal's Cave:

"On Thursday, when the winds were calmed and the angry ocean had quieted down to comparative reason, we hired a fisherman's sail-boat, and with a pair of small but sinewy Gaelic seamen at the oars, pulled off for a cruise among the neighboring islands to explore the classic seas of school-boy legend and memory. Our morning's destination was Staffa, with its wondrous columnar



STAFFA.

curious basaltic columns are pentagonal and hexagonal in form, and present the effect of being multiplied indefinitely. The floor of the cave is a flood of roaring waves, surging always in tones more deep and solemn than thunder. This wonderful cavern is two hundred and twenty-two feet long, forty-two feet wide and sixty-six feet in height.

The whole island was formed by volcanic action at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystalized into columns, was uplifted bodily, in some great convulsion, with little appreciable disturbance. The cave, however, was most probably formed, during the lapse of ages, by the action of the waves. Hundreds of broken columns, whose shafts have sunk beneath the restless waters, rise above them, about the entrance of the cavern, and

formation; our hope that we might be able to enter with our little boat the surging portal of the grand nave of Fingal's solemn cave. Every wave this morning was crested with associations and story. Behind, the campanile of Iona, with Oronsay and Colonsay, twin islets of saints and medieval miracles and sacred tradition; ahead, the frowning masses of Mull, the famous stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, and "Alva dark" and the broader lands of the Lords of Ulvin.

'Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter,'

saw the shores of the tragic escapade and sailed over the spot where the "waters wild" went over the fated lovers.

"Fingal's Cave, with its strange basaltic columns,

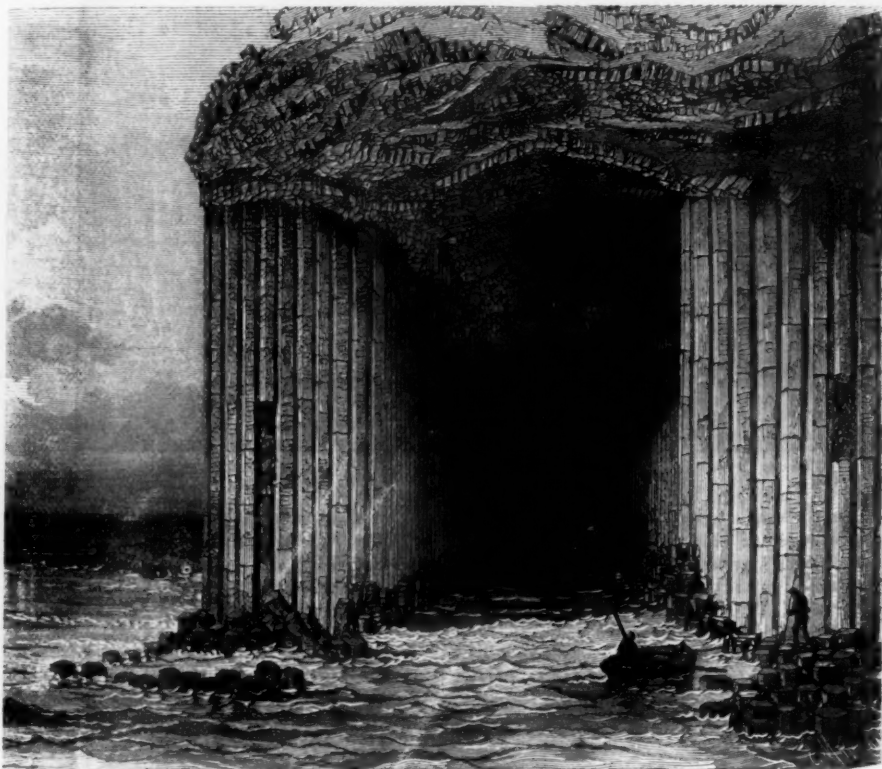


its curiously ecclesiastical effect of Gothic roof, pillared nave and choir of thundering surges, with its dim religious lights of green, and purple, and gold reflected from the waves below, is a most impressive and unique sight, but it hardly deserves its relative rank among the wonders of the world gotten from our crude geographies written at a time when the modern world was unexplored, when America, and Australia, and Africa, and the great table-lands of India and Central Asia were unknown.

"This picturesquely imposing cavern is a great

great cathedral, arched in the foundation rock. Into this grand church the waves, with a noise far below the range of any human organ, grander and deeper, surge forever forward and backward, singing unto each other in eternal antiphone.

"Staffa's island is but a little bit of grass and soil, just enough to respectably cover the basaltic ribs of its great wonder. You can climb to the top of it and get a grand view of the entrance of the cave from over head. You can climb around the side over hundreds of broken pillars washed down during the ages by the ceaseless violence of



FINGAL'S CAVE.

cleft in the primeval rock, two hundred and twenty-two feet long, forty-two feet wide at the entrance, and in height sixty-six feet at mean tide. The bottom is always a flood of roaring water. The sides are nearly parallel, and rise up perpendicularly, closing away up in a vaulted roof. They are not plain walls, however, but solid masses of pentagonal and hexagonal columns of wonderful symmetry, and many of them monoliths. They present the effect of innumerable corridors of columns—aisles and aisles of them. As a picture, the cave most resembles the mighty nave of some

the waves, and enter the cavern, finding your way from one rude pedestal to another, along the edge of the columnar wall until you reach about where the altar would be in a church, and here the spot where the thunderous surges break against the massive rock foundation of the island with a noise mightier than that of the waves and wind, deep resounding bass echoes that never die away.

"Unfortunately, the condition of the waters was such that the Gaelic fishermen would not attempt to put their boats in, and we had to be content with this kind of view of the cave, landing on the

rear of the island and clambering around over the slippery bases denuded of their shafts.

"This rude Gaelic land of the Argyllshire coast and the Hebrides is known as part of the Highlands of Scotland, although, of course, it is on the level of the sea. Highland is now an ethnologi-

When, as I keep with open eyes  
Pain's vigil through the night,  
The many twinkling stars arise,  
Each little lamp of light  
Would seem to say, "We watch with you  
While mortals sleep the great world through."



ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

cal rather than a topographical distinction. The people here, too, rude and meagre as is their life, have all the fierce spirit of freedom and the strong self-respect of the clans of the hills. They prove their blood. The only man, woman or child in all Europe who ever refused a gratuity at my hands was a little Highland boy, of Iona, and I put it on record to the credit of his land. One who has traveled in Europe will know how much it means."

#### MY SKY.

**P**RISONED within four walls I lie,  
Chained to my couch by pain;  
Naught see I of the fair blue sky,  
Save, through my window-pane,  
One tiny patch; a dainty bit,  
So small my hands can cover it.

This is the whole great sky to me,  
My only firmament,  
My window, through which heaven I see,  
My curtain of God's tent,  
Which arches high the world above,  
An emblem of protecting love.

Sometimes across my waking dreams  
The fair moon sails in view;  
Her face a gentle woman's seems,  
Of tender mien, and true.  
"Take comfort," said the lips so mild,  
"Thy Father sends thee rest, my child."

And then I sleep, and waking, find  
My sky is all transformed;  
The gray of night is silver-lined  
With rays of sunlight warmed;  
It seems a window stained blue  
With Heaven's own glory shining through.

Ah, each life can its sunshine find,  
Its fragments of the sky;  
God sends to every willing mind  
An answer to the cry,  
"Oh, give us light! That we may know  
The right from wrong, and friend from foe."

Dear friends, who suffer in the dark,  
And groping walk at night,  
Search for the tiny, precious spark,  
The little rays of light,  
Which, entering in, shall make of life  
A constant victory over strife. A. W. S.

## HOUSEKEEPING TEN YEARS.

IT is said that the life of the humblest individual, were it faithfully recorded, would be interesting biography; especially is this true of that much-maligned class known as servants. We are so engrossed with our own cares, disappointments, failures and dilemmas, that we are apt to forget their side of shield has a different color from our own.

Mrs. Whitney has given us some ideal pictures of New England "help" in the characters of Luclarion Grapp, Emery Ann and others, who talk philosophy and work—almost miracles in cooking, dusting, polishing and general household duties; but the trouble is, they never migrate beyond the Mississippi, hence we have never been permitted to make their acquaintance.

Oh, halcyon days of early housekeeping! when the bride goeth forth as a warrior armed for battle, and with conscious pride and strength manages, economically, the details of a modest home. The literal, matter-of-fact, young Mrs. Jardine. But after a time cares increase, and—though blessed cares—none the less exacting, or relentless in the responsibility they involve.

Lavinie was the first innovation in our domestic province, and she bade fair to rule with a stout if not skillful hand. She was a tall brunette, angular and obstinate, and had never been out to service except among country families near her own home. Her cooking was after the rural fashion, both as to quality and quantity. Such piles of vegetables and patent-leather pastry! Of course I explained that there were but two in our family, and these two were not in a state of perpetual hunger, in fact were not simply digesting-machines. She graciously informed me that she was known at home and 'mong neighbors as Viney, and if I wished her to heed my commands or requests, I must address her by this endearing pet-name.

The first Saturday after her arrival, my sewing-room doorway was suddenly darkened by the tall shadow of Viney, who coolly informed me that, as she had been away from her "folks" a whole week, she must that day go home on a visit. In vain I remonstrated. After dinner she took her departure, leaving the dishes and debris to be put to rights with trembling hands as best I might. She reappeared the next Monday, just as dinner was about ready, evidently not much improved by seeing her "folks," as she appeared taller and more taciturn than ever.

Idea of equality and independence are so strenuously inculcated in many Western cities, that it is often difficult to obtain good help, so I concluded to make the best of matters and await further developments.

The next Saturday Viney repeated her undaunted information, and was gone before I had

hardly realized the magnitude of her presumption. She returned on Monday, looking more ominous and lugubrious than ever. Seeing her folks had not improved her spirits in the least. Clouds of calamity seemed to be constantly hovering around this dark-browed queen of the kettles. She refused to be interested, and moped in everything but appetite.

The third day her symptoms seemed to grow worse, and in sheer desperation I demanded an explanation. It came amidst sobs and blubbering exclamations. She was *home-sick*.

"Oh! oh! I don't like to stay away from home! I want to see ma! Ma said she knowed I wouldn't like the city, and I don't. They are going to have a taffy-pull to-night, and I'm going ho-m-e!"

Her voice sounded like the distant wail of an Irish wake. Dicken's Tilley Slowboy could not have outtrived her. She made me so nervous that I was glad enough to grant her the desired permission to retire to the shades of country life.

For many weeks after, I was too ill to know aught of what was passing in the realm below stairs. When I again enjoyed the happy privilege of presiding over household affairs, I found there installed Nan, a very youthful, fair-faced German girl, whose worst fault was inexperience. She seemed gentle and willing; but it is so much easier to work with one's own hands than it is to endow others with requisite skill—if one could only command the strength. (If Archimedes had been Hercules, the world might now be topsy-turvy instead of spinning around at regulation rates.)

Nan remained with us about a year and a half in apparent contentment; but the parental influence of her own home—to which she was more or less subject—was not of the best character, and her associates were not wisely chosen. She began to grow restless under the least reproof or restraint, and wanted, not two or three, but *all* the evenings of the week, to spend with thoughtless, and too often reckless companions.

One evening she went away leaving her night-key on the table. This was all our warning. She never came back, and we soon after learned that she was working in a boarding-house where she received higher wages and more jolly fellowship.

Poor Nan! She took cold one wild, wet night in her rambles, and the fair face grew thinner, fairer, and, after a time, the blue eyes closed forever. The details of her death and interment were, to me, inexpressibly sad; that in two short years after leaving us, she should reach that last earthly haven—a mound in the churchyard.

Her place in our home was succeeded by a spinster of uncertain age, but not of uncertain temper. I am no coward, but must confess to a feeling of flight from the wrath of her eye. She was commonly known as Mag—a very Magdalene!

If the baby chanced for a moment to intrude in her domain, he was summarily ejected by process of shrieks and exclamations. The very house-dog looked shamed and woe-begone after having felt the burden of Mag's broomstick, and sullenly sought the garden to escape annihilation.

This reign of terror was brief, including but a fortnight, yet memory still preserves a faithful record of those fourteen days of peril. Like the valorous Miggs, her ears were as sharp as her temper. If a feather were endowed with motion and came down-stairs on tip-toe, Miggs would hear it; so Mag seemed a very telephone for interpretation of sound, especially any little item of intelligence not intended for her edification.

One evening C— informed me, confidentially, that there was a bright, capable girl working in one of the restaurants down town; she was there but temporarily, and would much prefer a home in some private family. Mag scented danger in the air, and instantly there was a scene.

She was "niver after a changin' places; when she went to a place she meant to stick there, and would not be ousted by any impudent gurrul with restaurant airs."

C— made little attempt to pacify the irate damsel, but quietly told her that we had intended to give her the usual date of warning, and, accept it as she might, it was an established fact in our household that she must seek some more congenial situation.

After finding that resistance was vain, she took her departure in swift indignation.

That same evening came bright Nelly Durfee, like a ray of sunshine after storm; at least her presence seemed akin to sunshine, she was so cheery.

"And you are Mrs. Morton's Nelly?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," was the reply; "I lived there four years, and began to get tired of the sameness; I only went to the restaurant till I could find a better place."

Nelly proved a treasure. Willing, capable, experienced, under her deft management our domestic machinery seldom ran out of groove. She remained with us two years, but one fair holiday went forth a bride, and now three dear little children call her mamma. Though she has lost much of her beauty and gayety, she is always cheerful, and calls occasionally to let me know how "the boys" are doing.

Nelly's cousin was the next applicant for welcome and wages. Very different in manners, mood and temperament; affectionate, devotional, but at times singularly perverse. Faithful in her attendance at mass and vesper; a devout believer in every ordinance of her church. Never nocturnal storm swept over the summer heavens, that Annie's "bless candle" did not shine forth a

beacon light in the darkness, so great was her faith in its protection. Fortunate were it for me had she exhibited the same ardor in household affairs; but, remiss as she sometimes was, I preferred to tolerate or overlook small faults rather than accept a novice or risk a repetition of the merciless Viney.

Annie remained with us until the Centennial year, when her piety culminated in a decision that she would enter a nunnery. She was many weeks preparing for this solemn ceremony, and I went to see her once before her departure. She showed me a trunk full of nun's paraphernalia, and took evident pride in the sacrifice she was about to make. I often wonder, or imagine, how she looks in black robe and veil, a gentle *Sœur de Charité*.

Louisa came well-recommended. She was pleasant, gentle-mannered and faithful, and would, perhaps, have been with us yet had not ague ordered otherwise. Chill hands and fevered eyes could not but falter under burden of household routine. She had a kind mother to care for her and a comfortable home in the suburbs. I walked out there one summer day, and was much interested in the quaint picture the dear old lady looked among her herbs and flowers. Sage, rosemary, tuberose and sweet marjoram; an acre or two of luscious Concord grapes; a deep, pure well, with old-fashioned curb and bucket; altogether, a view worth enjoying.

Bridget Bell Blodgett came from a home that we knew not of; but, concluding that her name was sufficient recommendation, and (principal reason) not being able to secure any one else, we installed her *charge d'affaires*. She was an excellent cook. Puddings, cakes and pastry flowered forth from her hands into marvelous lightness and beauty; but man lives not by bread alone, or even plum-puddings and dumplings, and Miss Blodgett lacked in so many other qualities that we were obliged to forego the pleasure of her presence. "Down town" was the cynosure of all her hopes and fancies. She would rush through her allotted tasks with a hurry and flurry that reminded one of that raid of the reindeerers in Clement Moore's "Night Before Christmas."

"Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

And for no other intent than a sight of the city streets and shops, or chance gossip with companions equally foolish and frivolous.

We have had for some time as amiable and faithful little German girl as ever served a household. The children love her, and listen to her legends with infinite delight. She remembers her voyage across the ocean, but has no regrets or longings for the *Faderland*.

The time I have sketched somewhat overreaches the limits of a decade, but it verifies what Carlyle has so often repeated, that there is in every human

life interesting points of history. As "biography is the essence of all history," so each individual life admits of special analysis.

That all housekeepers—home-makers—should well consider the responsibility of their influence over the mind, taste and habits of those whom they employ, is a question not to be debated or averted.

"The smallest bark on life's tempestuous ocean  
Will leave a track behind forever more;  
The lightest wave of influence set in motion  
Extends and widens to the eternal shore."

MRS. C. I. BAKER.

### A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

**H**OW little do people in luxuriant, eastern homes, surrounded by comfort and free from danger, realize the hardships and privations by which the wild western prairies are redeemed from their idle fertility and changed to vast tributaries to the nation's wealth and prosperity.

The following incidents, related to me by the brave, little woman herself, will convey some idea of the exciting scenes to which border life is exposed.

We were living in the White River country, in Colorado, where we located soon after our marriage, with the intention of making this region our home. The valley is walled in with low mountains from which flow pure, rapid streams, cutting deep gorges, such as the one in which the Indians were ambushed during the recent fight between the whites and Utes. The mountains abound with such animals as elk, deer, mink, panther, wildcat, antelope, bear, mountain-sheep and wolf, and to the last mentioned I owe the most exciting moments of my life.

Our cabin stood in the valley, about two miles from one of these deep gorges, through which flowed a rapid mountain-stream on its way to the river. We lived here in busy and contented seclusion, and although my husband was often away at work. I had my baby for company and managed to occupy my time cheerily. Upon one occasion, I had to carry in some wood during his absence, and taking my child, a strong, healthy boy, aged eleven months, I placed him upon the grass, about half way between the house and wood-pile, where he could watch me while I was thus engaged. At length I heard the baby making that cooing sound peculiar to babies when they are pleased, and upon looking around, what was my terror and astonishment to see a large, gray wolf standing within ten steps of my child, with black lips drawn back, displaying his horrid, grinning fangs. I instantly sprang toward him, but before I could reach the spot, the animal had seized my baby in his long, sharp teeth, and was making off

toward the hills with him. I snatched a sharp hatchet which happened to be sticking in a log close by, and quickly gave chase. He was soon out of my reach, and in spite of all my efforts he kept so, although his progress was very much impeded by the weight he carried. Try as I would, I could not get near enough to strike him, and I dared not throw the hatchet, not only through fear of hitting my babe, but if I should miss the animal I should lose time in recovering the weapon. Every now and then the wolf would drop the child upon the ground as if to take a better hold, but before I could come up he would be off again. I began to fear that his strength might outlast mine, and if he should turn and fight me, it was by no means certain to which the victory would be given, but with more than life at stake, I would have gladly undertaken it if he had given me a chance. On we went, over long stretches of even prairie, then up the lengthening hills, and rough, uneven places, straight toward the mountain-stream, and all this time the shrieks of the child seem driving me mad. The long, dreadful fangs were fastened in his shoulder, and the little feet dragged upon the ground over all that weary, toilsome track.

I had a hope that when he reached the stream that I could make him turn down toward where our nearest neighbor lived, and although it was at least two miles distant, it would be better than going entirely away from the settlement.

At length he paused upon the brink, and, turning his head, stood and looked at me until I was almost near enough to strike, then deliberately began to cross the stream upon a log. I followed closely, silently, breathlessly after. I could see the water seething and foaming through the chasm below, and hear its angry roar as it dashed over huge boulders far down its narrow banks, and knew that only the teeth of that savage beast kept my darling from being dashed upon these jagged points into the dark, whirling waters beneath.

Could I ever go back to the cabin alone and tell the father where to find the precious cherub which had brought so much of love and brightness to our wild border home?

In the midst of all this torturing suspense, the wolf reached the other side, and my darling's feet touched solid ground. With a strength given me by desperation, I sprang forward, and buried the hatchet deep in the side of the beast. The steel sank out of sight. I remember hearing a short, quick yelp, and of seeing him rolling over and over upon the ground, with the handle of the hatchet sticking in his side, while I clasped the baby in my arms; then the roar of the water grew fainter and fainter, until it seemed to recede in distance, and night to settle suddenly over the earth, and I knew no more.

At length I felt the dash of water upon my face, and seemed to hear a confused sound of voices



mingled with the roar of the torrent. I tried to open my eyes, but for a long time I could not.

"That was a fearful blow for such a woman to strike; he couldn't have lived many minutes after he got the wound," I heard some one say, and with another effort my eyes unclosed. I tried to speak, but my lips could utter no sound. A man was bathing my head, and several others were standing about me. It was a surveying party, who had observed the chase and came to my assistance.

"It's the baby she wants. Bring him here, John," said one, and a man came to my side holding my child in his arms. His shoulder had been bathed and bandaged, and, utterly exhausted, he was sleeping with his sunny head pillowed upon the kind frontiersman's breast.

"He's considerably scratched up, but it's only flesh wounds, and he'll be all right in a little time," said one of the men.

They helped me to my feet, but I could not walk. They made a litter of branches cut from the trees that border the streams, and carried me home.

My husband had returned, and was very much surprised and mystified at finding us gone; the more so as the door was open, and nothing to indicate our whereabouts. He said that he had fought with bears, been chased by panthers and wounded by Indians, but the most dreadful sensation that he had ever experienced was when he saw the men coming with the litter.

ISADORE ROGERS.

#### GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

THE house was tidied up for the day; the drafts of the cooking-stove closed to keep the fire in check, and, after arranging for dinner, I got out my sewing and settled myself in our cozy little sitting-room, where Grandmother Radcliffe (who was on a visit to me) sat composedly sewing carpet-strips.

"It is such a rainy day, grandma, I don't think we'll have any company, so we'll enjoy a quiet chat together."

"Well it will be a wonder if no one comes, for you do set a mighty store to company," said grandma, looking over her spectacles at me.

"I am fond of visitors when they are congenial," said I, "but don't think I have no resources within myself and am wholly dependent on company, for I keep myself too well employed with my domestic affairs for time to hang heavily on my hands, besides my music and reading—I'll never outgrow my fondness for books. I remember, before I was married, there were some houses I loved to visit more than others, and, stopping to consider why it was, came to the conclusion it was not the style they maintained, but the cheery

welcome they extended to their guests; so, when we commenced housekeeping, John and I talked it over, and this was how we decided to do. In the first place, I told him I didn't want him to be like some men I knew, afraid to invite a friend home for fear of incurring a wife's hot displeasure. No, he was to feel free to invite his friends; of course if convenient he could drop me a note, or let me know in some way, (and here let me say I found it worked well, for it made the dear fellow feel independent, to say nothing of loving our little home better), and many a time has he brought a bucket of oysters or paper of oranges, 'to help out,' he'd whisper, as he deposited them on the kitchen table—real thoughtful in him, for you know he is not naturally so.

"One day I was busy preserving, did not intend having a regular dinner, for the stove was pretty well filled up with kettles. I had just laid the table for two, when I heard steps and voices in the hall, and then they entered the sitting-room. 'What shall I do?' said I, glancing in dismay at the plain lunch. Just then John came in; he seemed to take in the situation at a glance, for he whispered: 'It's too bad, Annie, I forgot entirely you told me not to expect a dinner to-day. I met Johnson and asked him to come home with me. Isn't there something I can get you, or can't I help you?' That melted my heart, and I said: 'Never mind, I'll make out,' and so reassured, he went back to his friend with a light heart. Up went the other leaf of the table, and in a few minutes I had a nice cup of hot coffee. Fried ham and eggs, with plenty of fresh loaf-bread and butter, and a dish of my preserves, made a lunch not to be slighted even by hungry men. So I put on a clean apron, and stepping to the sitting-room door, gave Mr. Johnson a hearty welcome and bade him come in to lunch. I was rewarded that night, when John came home to tea; he said: 'Annie, Johnson enjoyed his dinner ("Lunch, my dear," interrupted I)—well, lunch very much, and I can't begin to tell you half the praises he bestowed on my little wife; and I know how he appreciated your hearty welcome, for once when I was out at his farm on business, he invited me to come in to dinner. "I was too much absorbed at the time to notice with what hesitation he asked me; so I accepted, being rather hungry; but I couldn't fail to see what confusion it threw the whole family into. Dinner was delayed an hour or more, and, although it was quite a feast of good things, I saw that Madam Johnson was in no frame of mind or temper to enjoy it; and poor Johnson, I pitied him, for I knew by the looks and replies she gave him on the sly, he would catch it as soon as I left. For his sake I would like to have stuck by him till his wife's wrath was appeased, but for my own I felt like leaving when first opportunity offered. And now aren't you glad you entertained the poor, hen-

pecked fellow so gracefully,' laughed John, rising from the table.

"And I was, even if it was a little inconvenient at the time. I always cook everything as palatable as I know how, set my table as neatly for my own family as I would for company, then if friends come in unexpectedly I give them a hearty welcome as sauce to the whole. You know the Bible recommends hospitality, grandma."

"Yes," said grandma, "and that's 'the best guide to go by.' But let me give you a little advice; don't let yourself be imposed upon. I had just your ideas about such things when I was your age, and was as free as water about entertaining, but I found even in those dear, by-gone days, that there were some who would impose upon good nature—as it is termed—and here let me say that one of your constant visitors reminds me of one I used to have. I will not call any names, my dear, as I may be mistaken, and if so I hope to be forgiven. Well, my visitor's name was Clark," said grandma, wiping her spectacles and returning them to their case (a sign that she was in for a good talk). "This Mrs. Clark was an excellent piece of company; rather too full of chat when there were others around who liked to talk, too, but still, a good piece of company. I mind my first impressions of her as we sat around Deacon Wilber's tea-table, enjoying a good talk between the mouthfuls of hot biscuits, fried chicken and other good things. There was not a man at the table, and you know, my dear, how women do enjoy a talk to themselves when there is no men around to exclaim: 'How women do talk! Such tongues!' etc.

"From Mrs. Clark's manner and conversation I got the idea that she was the soul of hospitality. She was a new neighbor, and it was not long before we were the best of friends. It was a long time before I could see any faults in her; but at last it dawned upon me that I had never once been really invited to her home, though she had spent days and evenings with me time and again; and by and by I began to notice her manner of leaving-taking. She would commence like she was regretting so much the distance prevented my coming to see her (though I had never made it an objection, for indeed it was not one), and I was as able to walk to her house as she was to mine; but, in the midst of her regrets something would take off her attention and in the meanwhile she would say: 'Good-bye, good-bye, I must hurry or it will be dark ere I get home.' She would come at most unseasonable times, but was always so homey in her ways, I seemed to lose sight of her weakness for the time (for I came to look upon it as such).

"I made up my mind one day that I would go out and spend a long day with her. She received me very pleasantly, but I was not long in discover-

ing that she was not that pleasant body in her own house that she was in mine. She introduced several, to me, disagreeable topics, which left an uncomfortable feeling for days. Her work seemed to drive her, though she had a competent woman in the kitchen, and knew I was coming days before. Now, my child, you know I never want folks to lay aside their work to make company of me, but I felt several times maybe I had picked a wrong day for my broad, forgetting for the moment the times when Mrs. Clark had run in on me, when I was in the midst of house-cleaning or other work equally as important, and how cheerfully I had put it aside for fear she would think she was in the way. Well, when I turned my face homeward, I felt like humming, 'Home, Sweet Home' all the way."

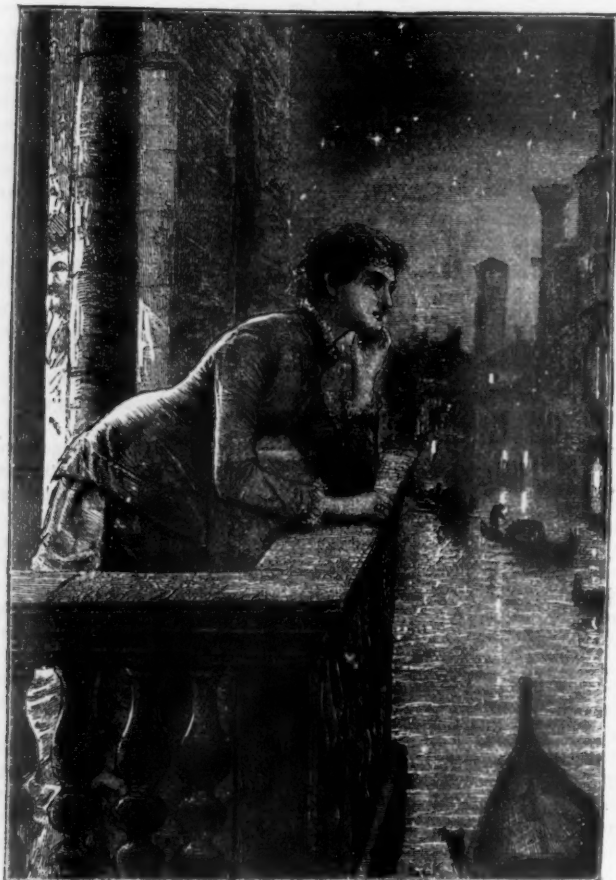
"And was that the ending of your friendship, grandma?" said I, laughing at the dear old lady's earnestness.

"Oh, no! she still continued to come and make herself at home and altogether charming, but I was cured of any desire to repeat the visit. Your grandfather and I used to talk it over; sometimes we'd come to the conclusion that it was the husband's fault; that he didn't approve of company; then we'd change our theory—for she would not care to visit and partake of the hospitality of others if that were the case. We could not think it was because she could not entertain as she was entertained, for she was in better circumstances, and many times when dropping in unexpectedly had partaken of a plain, boiled dinner with us. We at last came to the conclusion that she just didn't like to entertain, but liked exceedingly to be entertained. And now, my dear, as I said before, you have a friend who reminds me of Mrs. Clark, but I am glad to say there are not many Mrs. Clarks."

"I think I know who you refer to, grandma, but I will follow your example and mention no names," said I, folding up my work. "The rain has ceased, and here comes our Mrs. Clark (?) shall we call her so in future? and as I have dinner to prepare you will have to entertain her."

M.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN NORWAY.—One of the prettiest Christmas customs in Norway is the practice of giving on Christmas Day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose; and what the birds do not eat on Christmas Day remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The caroling of the birds about these poles make a Norwegian Christmas marvelously pleasant.



## TO THE EVENING STAR.

HOW sweet thy modest light to view,  
 Fair Star, to love and lovers dear,  
 While trembling on the falling dew,  
 Like beauty shining through a tear!

Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream,  
 To mark that image trembling there,  
 Thou seemst to smile with softer gleam,  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine  
 As far as thine each starry light—  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft, enchanting hours  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flowers  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,  
 And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star! though I be doomed to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,  
 Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love,  
 But sweeter to be loved again.

JOHN LEYDEN, (Born 1775, Died 1811).

## CINDERELLA.

"YES, I am certainly Cinderella," she said to Jack. "All that I want is a fairy god-mother; but, being without one, I shall have to go to the ball in rags."

Jack looked down at the arch and yet half-wistful smile on Cinderella's face, as she stood opposite to him on the ugly school-room hearth-rug. His sober countenance brightened a little.

"Never mind, Marjorie," he said, as cheerily as he could; "there is time enough yet for that lady to put in an appearance."

"But she never comes in these days," she rejoined, with great seriousness. "I shall have to be content with my old black silk. And suppose I meet the prince! What do you think, Jack? Would the prince have fallen in love with Cinderella if she had had no magnificent ball-dress, and if she had been obliged to make the most of the one in which she used to sit and dream among the cinders?"

"I always think you look as well in an old dress as in a new one," averred Jack.

But Cinderella knew the value of dress far better than he; she shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"It's very good of you, Jack, to try to console me; but you don't quite understand. I'm tempted to wish they had never asked me."

Jack admitted to himself that he had been tempted to wish that a good many times. However, he wisely said nothing, but looked absently out of the window at the cold, gray sky and the leafless trees shivering in the bitter wind. It was not at all the sort of day on which one would regard anything in a rose-colored light; yet it must have been something more than the mere influence of the weather that had made Marjorie's face so unusually grave.

She was blithe enough generally, although she was somewhat like the Cinderella she called herself. She had for daily occupation the pleasant task of instructing half a dozen refractory little cousins, in return for board and lodging in her aunt's great, dreary house, and a salary which was almost nominal. If it had not been for Jack, she could not have helped being a little lonely, for her elder cousins evinced for her a very small degree of affection.

Marjorie and Jack were cousins. They had grown up together; and Jack was the only gentleman allowed to pay visits to her now that she held the post of governess to her aunt's children. He was only a struggling artist, and, as such, a "connection" ineligible for family recognition; but he was charitably allowed to be "Marjorie's cousin;" and, while no other gentleman expressed a wish for further acquaintance with their governess, the minds of the two Misses Lennard were at ease.

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Indeed their supposed patronage of Jack represented to them some atonement for the seclusion in which they kept Marjorie.

But Marjorie had the presumption to be very happy without them. There was always Jack to tell her troubles to, and his sympathy was delightfully genuine.

"He is not in the least good-looking, and so odd and abrupt," the younger Miss Lennard had remarked on more than one occasion.

"Dreadfully poor, you know" was the summary of the elder.

Marjorie cared for none of these comments.

On this particular afternoon in December an astonishing thing had been communicated to Jack. Marjorie's cousins had been looking forward with demonstrative rapture to a Christmas visit at the house of a distant relative, "a place"—in the words of the younger Miss Lennard—"where we shall meet everybody—positively everybody."

After that description, it appeared a little strange that she should have evinced so much amazement at the prospect of meeting Marjorie there.

"Cinderella's going to the ball, Jack—rags and all," said Marjorie, poking, with a significant determination, the school-room fire, without, however, succeeding in raising a blaze.

"You said the other day, when I asked you if you didn't wish to go with the girls, that you were quite resigned, and didn't care in the least. Why not feel resigned now about all the rest of it?" propounded Jack, with masculine argument.

"Don't you see that there are two kinds of resignation?" returned Cinderella. "One is easy, and the other— isn't. It was all very well for me to say I didn't care when I knew perfectly well I had no chance of going. But now, Jack—now," continued Marjorie, waxing eloquent, "don't you see that I should have found it easier to stay at home than to go and hear every one remark, 'What a shabby creature! Where can she have come from?'"

Jack had his own views on this subject, but he did not contradict.

"Never mind; no one will notice me," she went on, her face brightening again. "I don't intend to be melancholy. Perhaps I may meet the prince, as Cinderella did. There would be an end to ashes after that, an end to French verbs, and tormenting scales, and aggravating German sentences. But seriously—not joking, Jack, you know—suppose Cinderella really should meet the prince?"

Jack did not appear to derive much satisfaction from this speculation. Perhaps it was because he was not thinking of the coming prince just then so much as of some lonely rooms of his own—rooms that for a long time had been peopled with fascinating spectres. Some of these phantoms sat in the empty chair by the fire during the long,

solitary, winter evenings; others smiled at him with tender, haunting eyes, as he smoked in the twilight, sitting by the open window dreaming.

"Well, sir," said Marjorie, laying a little awakening hand on his arm, "you haven't given me an answer yet. Am I to meet the prince or not?"

"I trust, if you do, Marjorie," he answered, gravely, "that he will be of the right sort."

She could not understand his unusual seriousness; he was not in the least like Jack this afternoon, she thought. They had always been so happy together, although they were both poor and hard-working, and of no importance whatever in the social world—as Jack had said once or twice, with the slightest tinge of bitterness in his tone.

"Don't you like me to go?" she asked, looking at him frankly.

"Do you think I don't like you to be happy?" he returned, somewhat indirectly. "If you meet the prince, Cinderella, you must tell me."

"Why, of course, Jack; I tell you everything!" said Marjorie, with sisterly, unembarrassed affection.

Jack relapsed into silence, and, looking out of the window again, observed that one of the trees possessed a remarkably-forked branch, and that there were exactly three masses of gray cloud lying low on the horizon. Having satisfactorily noted these interesting facts, he looked round again.

"Are you going down to Linley with the others?" he asked, marking with an artist's eye the coquettish knot of blue ribbon in Marjorie's chestnut hair.

"Did Cinderella go to the ball with her sisters? Jack, Jack, I'm afraid it's a long time since you were in the nursery!"

"You're right there, Marjorie," he answered, looking with a sudden accession of tragic gloom at the smoky fire. "I'm beginning to feel awfully aged. I shall be an old fellow soon. And you—you're only a child."

"Why, what's the matter, Jack?" asked Marjorie, from whom his baleful gaze at the smouldering coals had evoked heartless mirth. "I thought you and I had registered a vow of cheerfulness," she continued, clasping, in a comforting, sisterly fashion, that seemed to produce only a disturbing effect this afternoon, both hands on the arm of his coat.

"It's nothing to laugh at," he said, ruefully. "If Cinderella should go off with the prince, what becomes of—"

"The only true friend she ever had? Suppose he doesn't trouble his head about that until the prince really makes his appearance? And I think that's indefinite enough. But your remark reminds me that I am as selfish as I can be. I have

given no thought to you, left all by yourself in those lonely rooms of yours without any one to—tease you. You won't care to come here, I know, when I'm away. Jack, I shall stay."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," answered Jack, discourteously. "What a ridiculous idea! Lonely?" he continued, assuming an appearance of extraordinary cheerfulness. "As if I were so dependent on a fellow-creature! I shall have plenty of time for my picture, and shall be as gay as—a turtle. Why, it will be the quietest Christmas I shall have had for years!" he concluded, boldly, with an air of conviction, appearing to urge this last point strongly on some person or persons invisible.

"I didn't know before that turtles were distinguished for gayety," said Marjorie, half-laughing, yet strangely inclined to cry, and divided in her own mind between a suspicion that Jack would really be very lonely indeed and a not altogether agreeable impression that he was showing a good deal of pleasure at the prospect of being without her.

"Oh, yes, always! Didn't you know it? Good-bye for the present. I shall see you off, of course, next week—the turtle, I mean," answered Jack, in growing confusion.

Before Marjorie could at all comprehend what he was talking about, he had vanished. There was clearly something singular about him. Cinderella puzzled over it for ten minutes, and then, with a little sigh, sat down to a pile of French exercises. When the early winter twilight began to deepen, it found her sitting idly by the fire, surrounded, to her dreaming eyes, by some of the brightest visions that were ever conjured up from the shadows of that dreary school-room.

"She'll look awfully pretty in it if I send it," Jack was soliloquizing, as he paced to and fro in the chilly dusk; "and some lucky fellow, with more money than he knows what to do with, will be sure to fall in love with her; and then—that will be the end of it. Never mind, she shall have it! What a selfish, stupid old simpleton I am!"

"O Jack, why did you do it! How could you think of such a thing? It was all my fault. Why did I talk such nonsense about a fairy godmother? I know you can't afford it, and now it's bought and can't be returned; and I shall have to wear it, or I know you will be hurt!"

These disjointed exclamations were apparently addressed to a simple but very pretty ball-dress which was lying in snowy whiteness over the back of a chair. Marjorie would have liked to rejoice over it, and, as it was, delightful visions were vaguely suggested by its very presence; but at first an overwhelming sense of remorse at the sacrifice Jack must have made filled her mind.

She was alone in her room; so she knelt on the



hearth-rug, in an undignified manner, and addressed further lamentations to the ruddy fire glowing cheerfully within the grate. Why had Jack done it? And why had she been such a goose as to wish nonsensical things before him? And why—oh, why, if determined to send something, had he not been content with a piece of plain muslin, which she could have made up herself, instead of buying a dress like that?

At this point she gave another look at it; and, sincerely sorry though she was that Jack had bought it, she found it impossible to resist forming the opinion that it was the very prettiest she had ever seen. And it was trimmed with blue, her favorite color! How thoughtful of Jack to get just that shade! And she would look nice in it; no one could help looking well in such a dress as that. Thus by degrees the lamentations died away, and Cinderella was lost in absorbed delight over her first ball-dress.

But Cinderella was not at all aware of the full extent of her charms; and a few hours later, when, arrayed in her fairy gift, and seeing in the mirror the reflection of her bright eyes and chestnut braids, simple-minded Marjorie was lost in admiration, she wished that Jack could see how pretty she looked in his present; but it was as well that that wish was not gratified, for it would only have given him an additional heartache.

Lights, flowers and brilliant colors, and a great number of people moving about in an atmosphere of enchantment, bewildered Marjorie at first with an intoxication of pleasure. Then she gradually became accustomed to it all, and realized the delightful fact that she was one of the prettiest girls present. All the marked glances—and they were not few—that she received from her two fair cousins could not depress her, or indeed trouble her in the slightest degree.

Marjorie knew that she was looking remarkably pretty in her new attire, and determined to enjoy herself that evening, if she never should again. She forgot that there were in the world such things as French verbs and German exercises. It was her hour, and she was happy.

But the two Misses Lennard, her cousins, were greatly wounded by this levity. It pained them. It made them pity the unfortunate girl, whose ignorance of the usages of society could alone excuse her, and whose head was evidently turned by foolish compliments.

She was actually dancing again! They were not dancing this time. Oh, no! They did not think it looked well for them to be dancing every time. The gentlemen in the room evidently coincided with them in that view.

Marjorie joined them at the conclusion of her dance. She was glowing with happy excitement, and a pretty color bloomed in her cheeks. Enjoy-

ing herself so completely, she felt a desire to be on friendly terms with every one.

"Isn't it a delightful evening?" she asked, innocently enough.

"You appear to think so," her Cousin Sophia returned. "But, Marjorie, as you really know nothing of society, I think it is only kind to tell you that there are many people here who, if you are not more careful, will stigmatize your conduct as extremely unladylike. You have no repose of manner. At this moment you have an unbecomingly flushed appearance, and your hair is quite rough."

"I have been dancing," said Marjorie, by no means disposed to receive her cousin's rebuke with the meekness expected. "It is easy to look cool and unruffled when one sits still."

This was an insult not to be endured.

"I shall not be allowed to sit still long when—when the remainder of the guests have arrived," Miss Lennard returned, in a tone of great significance. "I do not care to dance much at present."

What this was intended to convey, Marjorie well understood, for her cousin had been constantly alluding, since a visit to Linley in the summer, to some one whose name she modestly withheld, but whose matrimonial eligibility and attentions to her had been frequently discoursed upon.

"Ah, Sophia has often been here!" said Marjorie to herself, as she turned away. "She need not envy me my hour of pleasure; for, after it is over, I shall have to return to the ashes and find all my happiness there."

Another hour passed away, and at the end of that time a wonderful change came to the Cinderella of the evening. The prince had made his appearance, clad, not in royal robes, but in irreproachable evening-dress, and endowed with such fascination of manner that all such slight accessories as robes or crown were rendered entirely unnecessary.

Her two cousins had also made a discovery. Passing to another part of the room, they had suddenly encountered Captain Lygard, the missing cavalier; but beside him was "that artful, flirting Marjorie," pretending to smile at something he was saying. Oh, it was disgraceful—disgraceful! Miss Lennard blushed for her. That, at all events, accounted for the heated appearance of Cinderella's elder cousin. They had evidently been dancing, and he was conducting her to a seat. Now he was asking for another dance, and Marjorie was coolly referring to her card to see if she had one to spare—as if it could possibly be full at that hour of the evening! Had not Miss Lennard and her sister a dozen dances ready to be bestowed on Captain Lygard?

Cinderella had met the prince. That was what Marjorie dared not say even to herself, but every-

thing whispered it; and his very glance seemed to convey, "Yes, I am he! I am the one whom you had given up all thought of meeting!"

The prince was about thirty or thirty-two, a gentleman who had seen a good deal of the world, and fully valued his own excellent position in it. There was something, he thought, extremely winsome about this pretty chestnut-haired girl. He had never liked any one so well before.

It was of no use for Miss Lennard to look unutterable things at her recreant adorer. He found himself, as the hours sped by, more and more charmed by this niece of Mrs. Lennard, whom he wondered he had not met before.

It was utterly useless to attempt to waken Marjorie to a sense of propriety. Her cousins despaired of her. But how happy Cinderella was, and what a magical rose-hued world she had entered! What would Jack say, if he could know that the prince had come already? Jack, taking a long, solitary walk in the winter evening, in a vain endeavor to chase away his feeling of loneliness and give the shadow haunting his quiet rooms time to disperse, would have grimly remarked that it was just as he had expected.

Captain Lygard wondered if he were falling in love with the pretty little fairy. He had never much believed in anything of that sort; yet nevertheless he found himself making tender little speeches, the words of which seemed to rise involuntarily to his lips. And Marjorie, after she had heard a few of them, began to be troubled by the remembrance that, after all, she had no place in this new, delightful world; and a doubt oppressed her—would not the prince regard her differently if he knew all, and was it not her duty to undeceive him?

"You were not with your cousins, I believe, when they were paying a visit here in the summer?" said Captain Lygard.

"No, I was not," she answered; and then bravely: "I am only Cinderella at the ball, and the ashes I must return to consist of spelling-books and French verbs. I have six pupils."

The prince was a good deal amused by Marjorie's honest little statement, and his amusement prevented him from fully comprehending what it meant. "I wonder if this innocence is genuine?" was indeed his first thought; and then he came to the conclusion that it was.

Marjorie could find no change in his manner. Oh, yes, he was the prince, and Cinderella's shabby dress could make no difference to him! He was above such considerations; they were nothing to him.

So at the ball that night there was at least one of the guests almost perfectly happy. And, when Captain Lygard spoke of the organization of skating-parties and other equally novel delights, Cinderella, like the romantic little person she was,

interpreted the future from the present, and saw her brightest dreams completely realized.

It was not at twelve o'clock at night that Cinderella returned from the ball, but very comfortably by a midday train. The first thing she saw on her arrival in the familiar station was Jack's kind, plain face and eager glance. He came forward quickly, divided between pleasure at seeing her again and a miserable apprehension of some as yet unknown change which should alter everything and end the old, frank relations forever.

Marjorie's bright face and blithe greeting by no means reassured him. Surely Cinderella must have felt some shade of melancholy when she left behind her the lighted windows glowing with the warmth and color within, and her fairy dress fell into rags around her!

He said nothing, however, until they were standing together by the school-room fire, where she was endeavoring to warm first one chilly foot and then the other; and then he did not know how to begin.

"So you have had a jolly time of it?" he inquired for the third time, regarding with sudden interest the tip of Marjorie's boot, which was resting on the fender.

"There is no word for it, Jack!" Cinderella returned, enthusiastically. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life." And then a rosy color stole into her cheeks, and she also began to take an interest in her boot.

"Marjorie," her companion said, abruptly, dismissing all further circumlocutory thoughts, "did you meet the prince?"

"Yes, Jack," she answered, in a low voice; and, raising her eyes for a moment, they met his frankly. Then she regarded her boot again, and her color deepened more and more under Jack's gaze, the pain in which she did not see.

"You're very happy, then, I suppose?" he asked at last, in a tone intended to express cheerfulness, but which had the unromantic effect of giving Marjorie the idea that he had a very bad cold.

"Of course I am, my dear boy," she answered, gaily. "And I want you to like the prince—for my sake at all events, if not for his own. He is the prince exactly, even in looks."

"Oh!" ejaculated Jack. His conciseness might have been due to the fact that he did not possess much himself in the way of good looks.

"He is coming soon," continued Marjorie. "Hasn't it all turned out like a romance? When I joked about Cinderella, I never thought it was going to come true in this way. Wait until you know him; you've no idea what he's like, Jack!"

"Oh, yes, I have!" answered Jack, rather shortly.

"Have you been lonely?" said Marjorie, noticing his manner. "I'm sure you must have been."

Come now, tell the whole truth, and say that you missed me."

"I felt a bit lonely on Christmas Day; it rained, you know."

"Ah, yes, so it did!" said Marjorie, rather absently, the mention of that day having brought various happy recollections to her. "Jack," she went on, suddenly returning to her usual earnestness, "you had my letter?"

"I was very glad to hear from you; but I wanted no thanks," answered Jack, rather brusquely.

"I did not thank you half enough. How good of you it was!"

Jack was looking oddly perturbed, and Marjorie paused, somewhat puzzled.

"I wore it on the first evening I met the prince. Perhaps it was the dress that he fell in love with; I shouldn't wonder. Why, what's the matter? Must you really go? I haven't told you anything yet."

Marjorie, from the window, watched Jack walking rapidly away. He was not going to his rooms; it was business, no doubt. Cinderella fell into a reverie, one which had no reference to Jack, and from which she did not wake until aroused by the entrance of one of her pupils.

The wintry days went on, but Cinderella no longer felt lonely. Miss Lennard might make remarks—as indeed she did—referring significantly to "ridiculous infatuation" and "artful behavior." This did not trouble Marjorie in the least, and Jack, coming in one foggy afternoon, thought he had never seen her so pretty or so blithe. Jack came but seldom now, and lay under the accusation of not looking like himself. He had been working hard at his picture, he said lightly. Marjorie's eyes were strangely blinded just then, or she must have divined the secret he strove so hard to keep.

"I'm afraid the old days are come to an end," he once went so far as to say. "You'll forget all about me by and by, Marjorie."

"What nonsense!" replied Cinderella, promptly. "You always were an old goose, Jack!"

This was an assertion not easily answered; and Jack smiled a little, said good-bye, and returned to his rooms, where, in his small studio, he sat up half the night, working with an energy bordering on fierceness, and which he scarcely understood himself.

And so Cinderella waited for the prince, having many tender speeches of his to remember as she took chilly walks with her six pupils, and corrected the usual pile of exercises in the long evenings. There was a good deal of dreaming over those exercises now—happy dreaming, although time was passing quickly, and the expected visitor had not made his appearance.

One afternoon, however, as Marjorie was explaining rather wearily a lesson in geography—

the children had been unusually troublesome that day, and the close air of the school-room had given her a headache—a loud knock was heard at the door. It was not in any way to be distinguished from other knocks, of which a good many were heard in the course of the day; so how should Cinderella know that her prince had come to visit her? Cinderella did not know, and went on with her task of explanation to her noisy pupils.

The prince, on asking for "Miss Lennard," had the pleasure of meeting Sophia again, and of noting the slighting tone in which she pronounced the words, "O Marjorie!" when her cousin was referred to. She was kind enough to lay aside conventionalities, and, without warning, conducted him straight to the school-room door.

The prince was somewhat amazed at this unceremonious introduction into Babel. It was chilly there; the fire was, as usual, smoky, and the children, equally as usual, were noisy. Marjorie, in her plain, dark dress, explaining the customs of the Chinese, was not, in his eyes, the brilliant Cinderella of the ball-room. The commonplace little scene gave Captain Lygard something like a shock. She was a pretty little thing, but he had no idea of marrying a Cinderella, although he had been infinitely amused by Marjorie's assumption of the name. For almost the first time in his life he was awkward and uncomfortable. When the children, all curiosity and repressed giggles, had departed, he was absolutely at a loss for words.

Marjorie, with womanly instinct, recognized the position; and, although a choking feeling of misery and bitterness lay heavy at her heart, she stood, erect and dignified, in her plain school-dress, waiting for him to speak—a model of composure.

For some reason he could not recommence the pleasant conversation carried on at Linley. The constraint was too apparent. Not that Captain Lygard meditated uttering a syllable which should express the change he felt. No; he had said to Marjorie what he had never said to any other woman, and the fact remained. How pretty she looked, even in that poor dress! What a pity that she could not change places with Lady Anne Burton, or the heiress, Miss Liston, whose want of beauty was a decided drawback!

They talked, in a curiously constrained manner, of commonplace things. Marjorie endured it for a time; and then a resolute determination made her heart throb wildly. She would put the love of the prince to the test, and end this constraint. She had a great deal of pride, and it was up in arms at that moment.

"Captain Lygard," she said, speaking in a perfectly calm manner, "do you not think that you and I have made a mistake?"

"A mistake!" he repeated; and then, compre-

hending what she meant, he felt a great deal of admiration for her spirit.

"Do you not think it possible that some words you said to me one day at Linley may have been premature?"

"If you wish to consider the matter in that light, I can only bow to your decision," he answered, a flush rising to his face, but his look of relief failing to escape Marjorie's eyes. "Shall I say, 'Good-afternoon,' Miss Lennard? It grows dark rapidly in these January days."

He was gone, without another word. And so her rose-hued romance was ended in a few, brief moments. Cinderella, having sent away the prince, lay down among the ashes, or rather on the hard, school-room sofa, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The prince was gone, and indeed had proved himself to be no prince after all; but she had loved him, she thought; and the awakening was cruel.

The twilight was creeping on—the wintry twilight, so gloomy and sad; and amid a confusion of lesson-books and slates the poor child wept for her vanished happiness as she had little thought that morning she would weep. This was the end of her dream! Oh, how sorrowful and wretched it all was!

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, apprehensively, regarding from the door the dusky figure lying on the sofa, weeping woefully.

Marjorie was startled and vexed. What could Jack—who was only an outsider—know about the magic world whose gates had just been shut upon her? Jack had never been in love. And how provoking of him to come just then!

"What is the matter?" repeated Jack, pausing this time midway between Marjorie and the door.

"Oh, nothing of any consequence!" answered Marjorie, recklessly. "You can go away again."

"Go away! What for?" asked Jack, bewildered and cast down. "Have I offended you?"

"Certainly not. How could you offend me?" returned Cinderella, in a tone worthy of her Cousin Sophia. She had lifted her head now; and Jack could discern a pair of very bright eyes and a ruffled head of hair.

"What is all this about?" he said, very resolutely this time. "Has Mrs. Lennard—"

"I have said once that it's nothing of any importance. And I think it's getting late. You'd better go; they'll want you," returned poor Marjorie, longing to be left alone with her trouble.

"Want me!" echoed Jack, in amazement, and with a little bitterness. "There's nobody in the world to want me, Marjorie, if you don't. Come, tell me what it is, Cinderella. Has the prince—"

"O Jack, Jack," sobbed Cinderella, "I am so miserable!"

This was his own case; but he had not expected to hear such a confession from her.

"Has he not written?" he asked, in a low voice, taking Marjorie's hot, trembling hands.

"Yes, he came—and I sent him away—and it's a great deal better so," she answered, with fresh tears. "O Jack, how stupid I am! I don't care a bit!"

"Don't care!" repeated Jack, stupefied.

"Not in the least—at least, not much. I mean it's a great deal better, when a man's not the prince, and not a prince at all, to know that he isn't. And I would do it again."

And Jack understood.

"You don't look like yourself," Jack remarked to Marjorie one summer evening, as they stood together at the open window.

Looking up, she met his anxious eyes, and flushed a little.

"I'm all right, Jack," she answered—"only tired."

"I've brought you some flowers. You like red ones, I know," he said, tendering a bunch of crimson roses which he had been holding absently in his hand.

"Oh, thank you! How kind you are!" exclaimed Marjorie, taking the flowers with delight. "What beautiful roses! They look as if they had just been gathered and brought in."

A sudden sense of Jack's constant, unselfish kindness smote her, almost for the first time, as she looked at the flowers. How good he was! There was nobody quite like him.

Jack did not feel easy that evening after he had returned to his rooms, leaving Marjorie with her pile of exercises.

What made her look so pale? Did she still care for that—that Jack swallowed the noun in a gulp of tea, which had grown cold while he was speculating.

"Why, what's the matter, Marjorie?" he asked the next day, as he entered the school-room.

"You look like a ghost."

"It is only a headache. I'm rather tired," Cinderella answered, with her usual smile of welcome.

It was a long while after that before Jack saw her again. "Low fever," the doctor said—"no danger." Danger or no danger, Jack was in a state of miserable suspense. He haunted the house in an aimless manner, and considerably increased the acidity of Miss Lennard's temper. He sat up late at night, endeavoring to work, but he never succeeded in doing anything. In fact, as Miss Sophia justly remarked, he behaved like an idiot.

The illness came to an end at last; and one day Marjorie returned to the school-room, in which an unwontedly bright fire was burning, and, wrapped



up in a large, check shawl of her aunt's, of the ugliest conceivable pattern, waited for a visit from Jack. When Jack came, laden with autumn flowers, he thought he had never seen her look so charming—although this thought with Jack was not novel; and, had he been called upon, he would have testified to his belief that the shawl was the prettiest and most becoming article of feminine apparel he had ever seen.

By the time November came, Marjorie was quite herself again. One morning, returning from the execution of various commissions for her aunt, she became aware that some one was endeavoring to overtake her. She knew it was Jack; but yet she did not slacken her pace or wait for him; on the contrary, she walked a little faster. A few months before she would not have thought of behaving in this way. It might have arisen from some change in her feelings toward him. But he overtook her. She was fully aware he would.

"Why, Marjorie, what a pace!" was his unromantic greeting. "I'll walk with you as far as the white gate."

They walked on together, chatting of commonplace things, and, turning a corner, came face to face with a gentleman. Jack took no special notice of him, except to remark that he was good-looking and well dressed, and was quite unprepared for the intimation that followed.

"Jack," said his companion a minute or two afterward, "that was Captain Lygard."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed Jack, with a sudden sinking of the heart. He glanced down at Marjorie's face; he could see only the profile, but there was no sign of mental disturbance.

Cinderella had a visitor that day. He asked for "Miss Marjorie Lennard," and was not shown into the school-room this time. Could poor Jack have known who it was, he would have felt considerable perturbed, and would have paced his studio still more restlessly. But, if he could have looked into the drawing-room where Cinderella was receiving her visitor, his mind would have been easier. He would have seen a little figure, very dignified in aspect, standing in the shadow of the window-curtains, and a gentleman, who had once been a prince, pleading earnestly for the return of his title, but pleading in vain.

"It is quite useless to talk in this way, Captain Lygard," Jack would have heard Marjorie say. "It can never be the same again."

"You loved me," the visitor urged reproachfully. "I behaved ill, I know, and I have been sufficiently punished. But you loved me."

"I did say so, after you had taken pains to assure me of your 'devoted affection,'" Marjorie said, quietly.

"I imagined, after that, that I did not love you," Captain Lygard admitted. "But I know now that I did. I shall never care for any one else."

"In my case, then, it is just the reverse. I imagined that I did love you, and I know now that I never did; you yourself put an end to it before it was too late."

"Marjorie," he urged, passionately, "do not be so cruel! I cannot leave you! You do not know how much I love you!"

"I am very sorry that you do," she answered.

"It can never again be as it was."

"You have not taken long to forget," he broke forth, bitterly.

"Had you not changed, I should never have forgotten," Marjorie said, steadily. "But I do not regret now that it was so."

"You do not regret?"

"Not in the least. It is a great deal better as it is. Captain Lygard, I must not stay away longer from my pupils. We part friends, do we not?" she asked, holding out her hand, with a frank, pleasant smile that had no mockery in it.

He took the proffered hand, and said no more.

A few minutes afterward Cinderella's visitor departed, looking agitated and pale as he walked away. Cinderella, too, shed a few tears over her sewing that evening.

But, when Jack came, a day or two later, he noticed that she looked brighter and happier than he had seen her look for months—indeed she appeared to have returned to her old, blithe, sunshiny ways.

What could be the reason? he wondered. He grew quite desponding over a possible solution of the problem. Surely the prince—but no, that was impossible! And yet had they not encountered him—and who knew what had brought him there?

But Marjorie said nothing.

Another Christmas came. The air was keen and frosty. The ice was thick on lake and pond, and skaters were rejoicing. Holly-branches jeweled thick with scarlet berries, silver-threaded sprays of mistletoe, laurel and trailing ivy were almost everywhere. The reflection of bright, leaping fires shone ruddily from the windows.

Of course Marjorie's aunt and cousins would wish her a "merry Christmas," quite oblivious of its irony, coming from them. She was prepared to reply as usual. But she knew well that the only one from whom she would receive a true Christmas greeting was Jack.

"I hope you'll have a happy Christmas," said Jack as gayly as he could, as they stood together, on the afternoon before that day, by the school-room fire.

Marjorie had just fastened a glowing cluster of berries in her hair, and was looking far more cheerful than any one else in the house, although there was no one but Jack to welcome, with her, the happy time.



"And a happy one to you, Jack!" she answered, brightly, holding out her two hands, which he took in a strong clasp that had more assurance in it of trustworthy affection than any speeches. They had wished each other a "happy Christmas" for many years now, and the world had not succeeded in depressing them yet.

The remembrance of the same time last year was in Jack's thoughts, and it made him very quiet. It was in Marjorie's also; but there was only a tender, resolute, little smile on her face as she looked at the fire.

"We are very happy, Jack, are we not, although we can't keep Christmas in the way some people do?" she said, gayly.

Jack looked at the fender a little peculiarly. "Home" was a delightful word—if "happiness" could only mean that! Ah, well, he was not unhappy! Marjorie had not taken flight, as he had feared she would. So he gave his assent rather soberly.

But alone in his rooms it did not seem remarkably cheerful. He stared absently at the unattractive walls, and could think only of one face—a girl's, arch and smiling, crowned by a coronet of chestnut braids and a coral-studded spray of holly. Nothing else appeared to have much interest for him.

They had parted so much as usual on Christmas Eve that no thought of change entered Marjorie's head as she sat by the fire a few days after, knitting pleasant, girlish fancies into a pair of woollen cuffs. She heard a familiar step, and glanced up brightly as Jack came in. Poor Jack, he was lonelier than she, for he had no one to speak to!

Jack was looking strangely grave; and, instead of taking a seat, he came forward and rested one arm on the mantelpiece, gazing down with compressed lips on the pretty picture Marjorie made, her busy hands at work, her chestnut head a little bent.

"I think I am going away," he said at last, abruptly.

Marjorie involuntarily dropped her work and echoed the announcement.

"Yes, I have had an appointment abroad offered to me—an appointment of a certain sort," he added, with bitterness.

"A good one?" asked Marjorie, rather to fill up the pause which followed than for any other reason.

"No—a wretched thing," he answered, with a curious sort of satisfaction in saying it—"not worth going for. It's in India."

Marjorie offered no comment.

"I shall go though. It is a thousand times better than staying here. I've made up my mind on that point. What do you say to it, Marjorie?"

What could Marjorie say? Had he not just announced that his mind was made up?

"Oh, yes—certainly," she answered, wondering what made the fire grow so bright—it seemed to be whirling about, too—"I should go if I were you! There are tigers there and all that kind of thing, I believe. It will be very nice."

Jack stared blankly at this. The only inference he could draw from her words was too inhuman. Did she hope he would be eaten?

"Nice!" he repeated. "It will be wretched!"

"I think—yes, I've dropped a stitch!" said Marjorie, going hastily to the window.

So this was all she cared about it! Well, of course he understood why. Yet still it was cruelly hard, poor Jack thought, laying no blame upon himself for his extraordinary abruptness.

"If I die of fever, will you care one iota?" he asked, bitterly.

"Yes, Jack, I—I think so."

"Think so!" repeated Jack, appealing to the wall.

There was another pause.

"At least you might have let me know something about it," he burst forth. "I never knew till yesterday that he came back again. Of course that accounts for the alteration in you. Sophia said you had a letter from him only yesterday morning—she knew the hand."

"Jack," said Marjorie, bursting into tears and coming over to him, "what do you mean? What have I been doing that is wrong?"

Jack, driven to despair by this distress, immediately called himself an idiot; but that did not altogether explain how matters stood.

"Look here, Marjorie," he said, becoming straightforward at last, "didn't Lygard come to see you in November?"

"Yes, and I sent him away," wept Cinderella.

"You did? You didn't accept him?"

"Of course not. Why should I? How unkind you are!"

"Then he didn't write to you?" he asked, taking her hands, a look of infinite relief passing over his face.

"Yes, he wrote, asking me to think it over again."

"And you won't?"

"Won't! O Jack, you are a goose!"

"True," acquiesced Jack, seriously, "I am, Marjorie. I sha'n't go to India. Are you glad?"

"Sometimes—perhaps, I mean," said Cinderella. She was very much confused by the ardent manner in which Jack was clasping her hands.

"I'm awfully poor, Marjorie, I know; but, if you could care for me a little—"

"I—couldn't, because"—Jack was the image of despair—"because I care a great deal!"

There was a pause here, during which the fire went out.

Jack," said Marjorie, by and by, "don't you

want to know why I have been so much happier lately?"

It happened that Jack did wish to be informed. "I felt sure I had ceased to care for the prince—he wasn't the prince though; but I couldn't feel quite certain until I saw him again. And I knew then that he was nothing to me, and somebody else was—something."

Jack called himself opprobrious names again. Marjorie did not seem to mind it, although she might have objected to others calling them.

"There's no prince in the matter now," he said, very tenderly, a vague regret in his voice.

"Don't tell untruths, Jack!" returned Cinderella, with sudden spirit. "I found him months ago, when I was ill."

Jack beamed upon the world at large, and was at a loss for words.

"I've sold my picture," he announced, presently. "I was coming to tell you, when a letter arrived offering me that appointment, which is not worth leaving England for; and I met Sophia."

"Oh!" said Marjorie, comprehensively.

"We shall be poor enough still, my dearest," continued Jack. "But I'm beginning to get on a little now."

"Well, we always have been poor," said Marjorie—as if that were an argument for cheerfulness. "Never mind; we love each other, Jack. When the prince sent for Cinderella, I don't think she was very miserable."

"But am I a prince?" Jack began to argue conscientiously.

Marjorie's answer, which might have served to foster despotism, was opportunely interrupted by the entrance of Miss Sophia.

"Imagine those two fancying themselves in love!" said Cinderella's cousin, a little later, to her mother and sister. "They have known each other ever since they were children, and are both ridiculously poor!"

But then Cinderella's relatives had been in the habit of making remarks of that kind, and would no doubt continue to make them to the end.

TO GIRLS.—Be cheerful, but not gigglers; be serious, but not dull; be communicative, but not forward; be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into good company without endeavoring to improve by the intercourse permitted to you. Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable conversation, than that another part should be trifling, giggling and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

## PRECOCITY OF MUSICIANS.

BEFORE he was eight years of age, Mendelssohn excited the wonder of his teachers by the accuracy of his ear, the strength of his memory, and above all by his incredible facility in playing music at sight. Meyerbeer at the tender age of six played at a concert, and three years later was one of the best pianists at Berlin; while the genius of Beethoven showed itself so early that his musical education was commenced by his father, at the age of five. When two years younger than this, Samuel Wesley the musician could play extempore music on the organ; and the distinguished German musical composer, Robert Schumann, also showed at a very early age a strong passion for music, and remarkable talents both for playing and composing. Though he lost the use of his right hand at the very outset of his studies, he worked on with a giant's strength, struggling against all obstacles "with uncompromising devotion to what he conceived to be the highest interests of art."

Something of the same early development of musical abilities displayed itself in the case of Cipriani Potter, distinguished as a composer and pianist; and Henrietta Sontag, a famous singer of her time, trod the boards when a child, and was prima-donna of the Berlin stage and the idol of the capital before she was eighteen. The great vocalist who has passed from our midst, Madame Tietjens, is also said to have given indications of promising musical talents from earliest infancy. Before she could speak, she would hum the opening notes of Auber's opera "*Fra Diavolo*." When a toddling child, she used to create great amusement by her efforts to sing and play, and was quite content to be allowed to wander amongst the instruments of a neighboring piano-forte manufacturer's warehouse and make music after her own fashion—music which was recognized by one at least of those who heard it as more than the strumming of a child.

A rarity even in these go-ahead days was a concert given not very long since by a pianist of five and a half years old; and therefore Mademoiselle Jeanne Douste's *matinée* at the Langham Hall had powerful attractions for those interested in musical affairs. Little Jeanne Douste, a marvel of precocity, plays with all the steadiness and confidence of a practiced professional, and is free from the drawbacks which generally mark the performances of juvenile prodigies. The child-pianist's rendering of the works of composers like Haydn and Mozart is said to have been truly remarkable alike for unwavering accuracy and apparent ease of manipulation. Whether the extraordinary promise evinced by this child will be substantiated in the future, time alone can show; at present, however, her powers are wonderful, her practical skill and artistic taste being far in advance of her years.

## BITTIBAT FARM.

BY EMMA E. BREWSTER.

## CHAPTER VII.

"In winter, when the rain rained could,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,  
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill,  
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es wae strife,  
She said to me right hastily,  
'Get up, gude man! save Crummie's life!'"

*Old Song.*

MOTHER, Melicent and Leonice were busy in the flooded and frozen chambers. The cows came around the corner of the chicken-yard with doubtful and trembling steps, Frosty ahead, with her wealy nose high in air, and her deep, jetty dew-lap quivering like sheeny satin. Frosty was a wonderfully beautiful animal, dappled black and white in the "points," in a rare way, suggestive of frost-work tracery. Back of her came Desdemona, meek-browed and slow-paced, looking back and lowing, low and mother-like, to the snow-white heifer, Fleda, for whom she still felt maternal solicitude.

Mamma saw them turn vaguely and troublously just toward the kitchen door, and then toward the chicken-yard, to which sloped a well-worn path ending in four stone-steps, and barred with a gate. She saw Frosty suddenly slide directly toward the gate; saw her draw her feet together deer-like, and with a spasmodic, almost *super-bovine* effort, leap clean over the gate. She shrieked, and the girls turned in time to see Frosty flying through the air with distended nostrils and black forelegs bent sharply under her, while Desdemona, trembling in every joint, with fore-feet firmly set, pressed closely back against her little daughter.

The dining-room door was flung violently open. Milly, pale-faced, stood in the kitchen, screamed: "Frosty has broken her neck!" and fell flat down.

Her sisters sprang over her prostrate form to question the mother. Leonice was crying and wringing her hands. The mother said: "No, she landed safely!" pointed out of the dining-room window, and sank into a chair, faint and trembling.

Scarce waiting to wrap themselves in shawls, the women rushed to the rescue of their pets. Genie seized Desdemona by the horns and gently led her from the dangerous slope. Always accustomed to the girls' hands upon their heads, the cows were quieted at once. Desdemona stood still by the pasture-bars where Genie left her, going to the aid of Rachel, who held Frosty where she stood. The animal's situation was very precarious. She had landed on a sandy ridge, one oasis of bare ground from which a glacial surface sloped away on all sides. The only way to get her out of the yard was by a long, slippery slope, at the foot

of which a panel of fence lay upon the barn-cellar, and which the rushing water of the previous night had converted into a glassy river, terminating in a glassy lake, which filled the barn-yard.

"How long can you hold her?" cried Leonice, jumping up and down in her excitement.

"Till she begins to slip, and then we shall both go."

"Well, keep between her and the bars, anyway. Never mind if you are smashed!"

"Cover the whole way with ashes," said the mother.

All went to work. What slow work! Fill a pan at the bin, walk carefully around, holding by the fence lest one should catch a fall on the dreadful path, step slowly down the icy steps to deposit the little pile of ashes which make so small a spot in the glaring whiteness. So slow! While the tense muscles of the little Jersey and of the maiden holding her are already trembling from over-exertion.

"Pave the whole way with shingles!" suggested the mother, flinging an armful from the window that overlooked the yard.

There were near two bundles left over from the work for which John James had made a carpenter's calculation, and which the girls had done with woman's economy. In a single minute ready hands had spread them thickly over the quartz-like road. With reassuring words Rachel coaxed her charge to step out. At first cautiously, and then with glad and grateful reassurance, Frosty walked beside her mistress, still held by the horns, for the shingles often slipped beneath their feet. By the bars, on a comparatively level place, they waited, while the girls pounded out the frozen rails and strewed the length of the barn-yard with ashes.

So the cows were got to the top of the hill; but how could they be got down after water? Rachel declared it would be impossible. Leonice said it looked to her very easy—quite as easy as rolling off a log. Indeed, she knew not what would prevent them all going down the hill together if they stood there much longer.

So the creatures were got into the barn, Donna harnessed to the wood-sled, and Milly and Genevieve started with axes and barrels for water, while Rachel went her way to the store. She did not think of skating, which she could very easily have done by the long valley-road; but, being sure-footed and agile, she got over the hills very easily in her rubbers. She dined with Aunt Leonice, and remained in the store till half-past eight, then started for home by her usual short cut over the hills.

Now it had continued freezing all day, and though the surface of the earth was like polished steel in the morning, it was like that steel trebly-tempered at night. Rachel, very keen with hunger

and cold, sped nimbly up the first hill, at the foot of which stood the store, and from whose door a comparatively rough path had been worn by well-shod horses. But at the top she was obliged to turn off the main road and traverse an entirely unbroken way.

She was up and over the fences almost on a run, and across the crest of the hill, and then—in a flash her feet had slid from under her, she had struck her whole length on the ground, and was spinning down a blind declivity, while stars reeled in the heavens above her, and more stars than ever twinkled overhead danced in her brain. She never knew whether she lost consciousness entirely, or whether it was on the instant that her body stopped still in the valley the thought came to her, "I shall become helpless if I lie here on the ice;" and she sat up at once. She believed she had been long unconscious.

She sat up, scrambled to her feet. Her head reeled giddily, and she knelt for a moment to gain strength. Got upon her feet again, and again knelt down. She could not stand. This was not so much from the shock which she still felt in head and back, as from a strange confusion of brain, occasioned by thousands of millions of lights twinkling, and gleaming, and coruscating from every point of the ice-field in which she stood. She could not tell the spot where she had landed. Naught was recognizable. The appearance was as if she sat in the depth of a cup from which arose abrupt, precipitous sides of diamond-crusted silica. She knew this appearance was entirely illusive; that the hills on either side were gentle declivities; that between them lay a valley which in an almost imperceptible slope wound along to her own garden gate. Yet she dared not turn to the right nor the left, but must go straight on, she knew not whither, over ground which she could not see for the lights dancing close to her face.

She scrambled forward and upward on hands and knees, often slipping back. Sitting thus on her feet, a mighty horror would possess all her soul. Suppose that her back was irremediably injured! Suppose she was to be, for the remainder of her life, a helpless weight hanging upon the already heavily-laden hands of her sisters! Then she would cry: "Not that, O Lord! I can bear anything but that! I cannot be helpless!" And again: "Yet, with Thy help, I can bear even that."

Half-way up the hillside, a feeling of utter despair overcame her. This hill climbed had yet to be descended, and another higher one ascended before she reached her home. She could never accomplish it—never! And she sat down upon the bare ice. One freezes to death in a very little while sitting upon the ice. This extremity of despair was not, however, the movement of death, but of life. It was the full awakening of Rachel's

brain, which up to this moment had remained partially stunned. Now, all at once, she realized her torpidity and imminent danger. She renewed her climbing with zeal, and was soon standing on the hill's brow. Below her was a wider, deeper valley, bisected by the line fence which separated her father's portion of Bittibat from Aunt Rachel's. The bars were down, and could she but see the fence she might steer her swift descent so as to clear them.

It was a cloudless, frosty evening. All the lamps of heaven were alight; every object on the home-farm ought to have been clearly visible at this distance, yet could she not see, through that mazy, crystalline radiance, even so far as the division-fence.

Suddenly the farm-call came—oh, so sweetly!—to her ear. They had wondered at her long absence, and were signaling to her. She gave the answering cry, was joyfully replied to, and with renewed courage tucked in her skirts and started on her rapid slide. It was more than rapid, it was instantaneous! She saw the fence before her. She had missed the bars. The lower rail was visible above the ice. She threw herself back, set her heels, and hoped they would catch in the rail. Vain hope! They struck, bounded over. Like a stone from a sling, she shot between the rails, tearing her garments and wounding her most sorely.

Again the farm-call overhead. Edny asked: "Are you down there, Rachel?"

He evidently leaned on the fence edging their own hilltop. She could not see him. The luminous earth outdazzled the glory-filled heavens.

"I believe now," said Rachel, "what chemistry teaches—that the crossing of two rays of light produces darkness."

"Look out!" called Edny, "I'm going to throw down the hay-hook!"

"Bless the boy!" thought Rachel, "he ought to be made president of these distracted States, he is so good at helping people out of difficulties."

Thus provided with an Alpine stock, Rachel soon surmounted the last hill. Yet she persists that she cares nothing about Mont Blanc.

Rachel supped, was bathed and dosed with arnica, and put to bed.

All the week the Bittibat family kept closely at home. After the morning chores, both indoors and out, were done, and the great daily task of getting the cows to water performed, they were all too lame and sore to take an unnecessary step. Washing could not be done, spool-cotton ran low, the piano was frozen up, there were no apples to peel, no yarn to knit, and the milk could not be got to Middleman's. Still, the whole family made a great pretense of work to keep anxious thought in abeyance.

Grandma fashioned slippers out of the blue



brocaded border of an ancient family carriage, fleece-lined, and solid with braided lists. Mother made dainty mittens from a long-accumulated hoard of Jersey vestings—scraps which a friend in the city trade annually forwarded to Bittibat for use at Christmas-time. Melicent ripped, and cut, and pinned together summer dresses which should be sewed when the days of spool-cotton again dawned upon Bittibat. Genie made cheese of the extra milk. Edny invented a jelly-strainer, pumpkin-sifter and pie-crust roller, which, for obvious reasons, could not be tested, but which looked as if it would *not* work. Leonice refurbished the wardrobe of her paper-dolls, and Rachel lay and read aloud. And the whole family sang in their inmost hearts:

"Employment, employment!

Oh, that is enjoyment!

There's nothing like something to do!"

Though Leonice, contented with dolls, changed it to:

"Spare ribs and oysters!

Oh, but they're glorious!

There's nothing like something to eat!"

She did not dare utter the lines aloud; that would have been treason. No one dared think, much less say, that continual porridge and potatoes was wearisome, nor remark that the dishes were emptied upon the first round, and they rose from what was often a literal *meal* in a state that would have given Dio Lewis raptures. Every individual of them was as sharp-set as when she had sat down.

"Poverty makes us value our neighbors," said Milly that night, when Edny returned with a bag of beans which Mrs. Middleman had thrust upon him, with the lame apology that her folks had had so many this winter they were about tired of them.

"And makes us value money, too," added Genevieve, carefully calculating how much forty cents would purchase.

The next morning, after a breakfast of baked apples and milk, Edny carried Rachel to the store, bought half a bushel of corn-meal, to be equally divided among the family, the hens and the horse, and had Donna's calks sharpened. The girls went for a load of water and did the two weeks' washing. Life began to flow again with its ancient eventlessness.

But the stream soon stagnated. That slight roughness occasioned by the "Scotch mist" soon froze off the ice. Rachel "felt her back" very sensibly as she slid across smooth fields, the plaything of the wind, in a way entirely new to her usually steady feet; and did not ask Uncle Jeffers to renew the compact as he paid her on Wednesday for her last completed week. She hoped he would offer to keep her on. An offer she would have accepted gladly, in spite of an inward voice which

said: "You must rest now if you would not be helpless hereafter." But he did not, and Rachel was compelled to rest.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, poortith cauld! And wae fu' want!"

THE hens had not laid since Thanksgiving. Father managed better than this, he had eggs all winter. Rachel's one dollar fifty had lasted out two weeks; but where could any more come from in the weeks that were to follow? The long weeks ere lifting of the ice blockade would permit the carting of wood.

Genevieve had once proposed to Edny, in a sly corner, that he should try to sell some, as money was sadly needed, and he had replied that it would kill a horse to take a sled-load of wood down one of those glair side-hills. So they must just sit still and all wait for that. How dreadful it was to be poor! And, more dreadful still, have nothing to do! Nothing to do but sit still and wait!

Genie, on whom the whole care of household expenses devolved, hunted vainly for eggs every day, and dreamed of eggs quite as vainly every night. Sometimes she would find them by bushels, in most wonderful places. Eggs of all shapes, colors and sizes. Eggs bearing so slight resemblance to anything ever before seen under that name, that she was seized with an overmastering fear lest Mr. Middleman would not receive them as such, would not buy the heavy bucketful of ovals that she was tugging down an interminable railroad-track. And, overcome with terrible apprehension, would awake, to find that it was all a dream, and the sun was shining in the morning.

Grandma said the hens must be coaxed to lay with green food, and advised sowing oats in boxes behind the kitchen stove; which as soon as the blades were an inch high were carried out for the hens to nip off and scratch up. One bright, February day, when water was dripping from the icicles on the southern eaves, mamma aired her budding carnations in the bay of a cellar-window. A troop of hens came skating across the yard and ate them down to the roots.

"And they've had three boxes of oats, too!" shrieked Genie, rushing at the culprits with Polly's switch, and driving them back in a cackling crowd.

Half a dozen biddies were clattering over a barrel of earth in one corner of the hen-house. What, eggs! Could it be? They squalled and flew at her approach, and one broke a pane in the low, south window in her anxiety for escape.

Never mind that! Here were eggs! Five of them! Genevieve picked up an old pan and began ransacking hen-house and corn-house, barn and stable, wherever a hen could squeeze herself.



Sixteen eggs rewarded her search. Oh, for two more. Only two more! Eggs did not sell by the piece now. Even fractions of dozens were necessary. One and a half dozens would bring thirty cents. Thirty cents! How much that represented! She had never realized before its numerous possibilities. Twelve cents should go for sugar. They were all so hungry for something sweet. Genevieve actually contemplated, for one instant, the rash possibility of candy. "One pound of sugar and—is that an egg I see before me?" In the downy depths of a box full of feathers it reposed, a ball of gleaming whiteness. Genie knelt on a board carelessly laid across the box and set her pan on one end. Her attitude suggested prayer, and so urgent seemed her necessity, that it required a violent effort to keep back the petition that she might find a second egg miraculously hidden among the feathers. But there was no other. She looked around almost in despair. An overturned basket met her eye. Up sprang Genie! Down went the eggs! Over went the board atop; every one was smashed! The shock was so great that Genevieve reeled, tottered. For one instant her mind was blank, stupefied beyond all feeling of pain; on the next she had regained her calmness, the calmness of utter defeat. The eggs were entirely demolished. The yolks could not even be gathered for food from that dirty floor. Well, what of it? She was no worse off than before the eggs were found. She returned to the kitchen. Mother was lamenting over her lost blossoms. What a trivial matter, compared with that greater loss of which Genie could not speak; the loss of thirty cents. Rachel was just concluding a ludicrous story, and the gale of laughter which greeted the climax swept even lamenting mamma into its vortex. How silly, how stupid! How could Rachel sit there, hugging her knees and telling stories, when there was nothing in the house for the next meal? She went to the closet and began rummaging, that her face might not dim their sunshine. Polly was shrieking for food from her high perch.

"Oh, hush your noise!" cried Genie, impatiently. "Say, girls, let's sell Poll; she's nothing but an expense and a nuisance to us, and ever so many want to buy her."

"Yes," said Rachel, quickly, "Gove Sparkler asked if she was for sale one day last summer. He said he had been trying to find a really wise bird, and would give fifteen dollars for her. I'll go right over to-night and see him."

Genie's cheeks brightened like forests in autumn, but Milly's grew pallid like pasture lands, which are turned all faint and worn by the same touch that dyes the trees so gloriously. She could as soon think of selling one of her sisters.

"Had we not better sell the piano, too?" asked the mother, with dreadful sarcasm. After a

moment's hush and apprehensive silence, she said: "Girls, I want never to hear this subject mentioned again. We must be poor indeed, if we cannot keep a single pet. And, Rachel, I should think that your *pride*, if not your sense of propriety, would prevent you going again to Goveneur for *charity*. He has done us one great favor; do not demand another immediately."

"Why, mother, I thought the favor was all on our side. I didn't like to offer Polly to any one else, when he had expressly asked to purchase her."

"Offer? Do you intend to go around peddling the poor thing in a basket, or will you put up posters in the post-office and depot? That would look like poverty!"

"Well, mother, we *are* poor," said Rachel, boldly.

There was a dead silence. Polly groaned ominously; Rachel smiled; Milly took the bird from her perch; Polly croaked and cuddled her glossy head in the girl's neck.

"A parrot," said the mother, "is everywhere considered a sign of aristocracy. You will always observe that in stories of the nobility a parrot figures largely, is often handed down as an heirloom in the family. It always gives me great pleasure to display Polly to visitors or hear her chattering in another room, it seems a fitting adjunct of an old place and ancient family. I have often pleased myself with the thought of handing a parrot down from generation to generation as an inalienable portion of Bittibat."

"Thank you, dear! Thank you, dear!" screamed Polly, as Milly set her back on the perch, immediately adding: "Polly wants a cracker! Aach! Aach! Polly wants a cracker! Aach!"

Poor Genie! A cold and desolating wind was blowing from mountain heights all through her pleasant places. Every bright hue of hope and anticipation had faded from her cheeks.

"Stop your noise, you hateful bird!" she cried. "I wish you were dead!"

"Whew!" said Polly, "Whew!"

Genie, who felt that she must cry, lighted the splint in the lantern lamp and took a pan, "to go look over the apples." Poll shrieked at the mention of apples, and Genevieve slammed the door to with violence nearly sufficient to knock the offender from her perch. Polly snapped her beak and tore chips from her roost viciously.

"I cannot think what has come over Genevieve," remarked the mother. "She has always seemed so fond of Poll. Why do you suppose she wants to get rid of her?"

"She does not look well," said grandma, "perhaps she is feeling sick."

"She is hungry, I guess," said Rachel, uttering this treason boldly, for she was actually craving the wasted food at the bottom of the gray bird's

perch. "When I am hungry that shriek of Polly's drives me nearly wild, for it tells me she is hungry, too, poor thing!"

"I am never hungry," said the mother, wonderingly. And how happy were her daughters to hear her say it. Rachel inwardly made a memorandum: Tell Genie that she has managed so well on her scanty supplies that mamma has never been hungry. "Are you girls often hungry?" asked the mother.

"Yes, mother, when we work so hard out of doors. You exercise no more than a canary in its cage, and I verily believe could live upon as little; but Genie works like a farm-boy, and—"

Rachel stopped. Why should she add, what she alone had noticed, that Genie stinted herself to supply the rest, and often made the excuse that she had already eaten so as to remain from the table. It would grieve them all to know of this, and result in no good. She arose quickly and left the room.

They had sold, at Christmas-time, all their last year's pop-corn, save three ears for each Sunday till April came in. Rachel thought: "I will pop some of our corn, and parch an ear of sweet-corn, too, if it can be spared from the seed. Never mind if it is not Sunday, the child must not go hungry."

On a hook in the cellar-rafters Genevieve had hung her smoky lantern. Such a pitiful pretense as this was; coming down to look over the apples! There was scarce a score on the shelves, and these, with a keg of pickles and "powdering-tub" of brine which had forgotten that it ever knew beef, were all that represented the overflowing barrel, box and bin of past years. She recalled the stormy, snow-darkened afternoons when she had come down with father to look over the apples; she remembered the faint, fruity smell and warm, cozy feel of the cellar then; the ring of yellow light with paly rays reaching into darkness; she heard the rolling of apples on heaped-up shelves, and their dull thud as they fell into the basket, striking sometimes on its edge; she heard her father eating apples and uttering irresponsible monosyllables in answer to Milly's ceaseless prattle; she thought of herself as a contented little child seated on a huge pumpkin, thumbing the mellow greening from which father had cut all the "specks," and remembered how Milly always climbed on the shelves "to help," and how once in her zeal she had set her fluffy curls afire, and father had extinguished the blaze with his rough hands.

"Just like Milly, still," thought Genevieve, "trying to help and making a bother. As she has done now; ripped up all those good, whole, summer dresses, and nobody can tell when they will go together again. And there's Challie sick, and mother has no sense at all about money,"

and as the woeful present burst athwart the saddening pictures already looming in her brain, Genie sat down upon the pickle-tub and wept the delicious, easily-flowing tears of self-compassion and manufactured misery.

Down-stairs came Rachel.

"Say, Genie, wouldn't you like to parch some sweet-corn? I'm starving for something sweet. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take those wearisome coats, that have been lying around for the last three months, up to Bronson Brown's, and ask him if he don't think it's about time to settle."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry him!" said Genie, "he'll settle when he can."

The Boston firms had sent their money at Christmas.

"Well, Genie, I'll tell you something else. I've been planning a story all the time I've been lying there reading. It's real good. The only thing that bothers me is where he proposes. There is no sense in making him kneel, nobody does that nowadays, but what they do I can't imagine—there's an apple." And Rachel, rummaging behind a press full of self-sealing jars, crocks and bottles—all empty now—brought out three russets.

Up jumped Genie and began hunting in dark corners. Between them they found that fatal number, seventeen, quite as many apples as were on the shelves. Then Genie told about the eggs. Rachel looked up brightly, "all sort of smiley round the lips, and teary round the lashes."

"I call that an egggregious eggssample of Total Depravity in Inanimate Things," said she. "But you should not shed a weep over the breaking of egg-shells, it is all they are made for, and I think I'll put the scene into my story. Lady Luzanna shall be kneeling on the board when Sir Ranulf proposes. In her fright she will jump up and break all the eggs, and exclaim: 'Do you consider that eggssamplary conduct, milord?' But I'm glad the hens have begun laying."

"Genie," called Melicent, from overhead, "have you any milk to spare?"

"Bushels! Who wants it?"

"A milkman, from Megotockonec."

"There, Genie, you see," said Rachel, "Providence could not keep your eggs from breaking, if you must needs upset them, but He could send you money in another way."

The Megotockonec milkman, first of all, wanted to taste the milk. Satisfied with its flavor, he asked for all they could spare not twenty-four hours old, and bargained to come for it on alternate days with Mr. Middleman; and more, he gave them nine cents a quart. Then he explained that he supplied certain city families, and with Jersey milk only, but that his cows had shrunk fearfully in their milk, and he had been quite troubled about supplying all required, until he had heard

that Jerseys were kept at Bittibat, and so drove over.

"They are not pure Jerseys," said Rachel.

"Still I am satisfied with their milk," said he.

"Rachel, why did you tell him our cows were not pure bred?" asked Genevieve, as the door closed on the Megotockonec milkman. "Suppose that he had refused to take our milk in consequence?"

"If his knowing that he was not getting pure Jersey milk would hinder him from buying it, he certainly *ought* to have known it," said Rachel. "I will never obtain money under false pretenses. And you must not, Genevieve."

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" BIBLE.

THAT was a glad day when Edny took his first load of wood to Captain Tubbs. The captain had agreed on ten dollars for a cord and a half, and Edny was all Saturday drawing it. Rachel sat down and made out a list of necessities to be procured with that ten dollars, to which every one contributed her mite. William of Normandy could not have felt a more exultant pleasure in parceling out England to his victorious lords, than did Rachel in apportioning that allayer of earthly cares among her necessitous family.

She and Leonice, as the only ones who had passable boots, would go over to the village that very evening, after tea, and do some shopping. What pleasure was contained in the words!

Edny drove up to the door, flushed, triumphant, happy, a barrel on the wood-sled.

"There," said he, "I got Donna calked, and paid for the last time she was sharpened, and bought a barrel of flour. What do you think?"

"Oh, my goodness, gracious, sakes alive!" screamed Genevieve, in an agony of superlative. "How in the wide world do you suppose that I can make bread without another thing under the sun but flour? There is not even a single grain of salt in the whole house!"

"And what shall I do for boots?" wailed Milly. "Don't you know, Edny, that I am suffering to death for boots?"

"And the spool-cotton?" said mamma.

"And kerosene?" said grandmother.

"And sugar?" said Rachel.

"Well, for my part, I'm glad!" exclaimed Leonice; "for now I can make some paste. My paper-dolls are perfectly wretched because I have not been able to trim their dresses. I shall just make some paste and go to work as soon as ever you get that barrel unheaded, Mr. Throgmorton."

"And I'll make finger-breads for supper," said Rachel; "and if anybody wants anything better than finger-breads and milk, she can leave my

boarding-house. I am glad you have settled with the blacksmith, Edny; and Mr. Sawyer's bill must be next time. We must pay our debts first of anything."

"If there is any next time," murmured Genie, lugubriously.

"Oh, I can sell another load on Monday," said Edny, "if you girls will have it loaded up, so I can take it after school."

"How fortunate that I am dressed for company!" said Rachel that evening, when Mr. Decoye's cutter came jingling down the lane.

"Mrs. Decoye is the luckiest woman!" exclaimed Melicent. "She never comes but we are dressed up and the parlor in order. Now, if it had been Aunt Rachel, how we should have looked!"

Ere the bells had stopped before their front door, the smoldering parlor fire had been blown into a blaze, the kerosene lamp on the centre-table lighted and Genevieve was frantically inquiring if mother's best spencer was not done up.

Mr. and Mrs. Decoye and Adrianna Hobart were the guests who had invaded a household so long neglected by all save immediate relatives, that their presence had quite the excitement of an evening party. Mother, for a week after, regretted she had had no cake to offer them. Though Milly induced Edny to pop a basketful of corn; and as Adrianna Hobart, who sat next the table, never stopped eating while a white particle remained in the bottom of the basket, she must have enjoyed it—probably better than cake.

Of course the hardness of the times, and greater hardness of the winter, were all the topics of conversation. The number of men who had failed, of cows that had died, and of old persons who had broken their limbs, the scarcity of water, the depth of frost and accidents and incidents of the fearful ice-embargo, formed a bill of entertainment that could not fail in interest. Mr. Decoye, from his high position as principal grocer of Quarly and vicinage, had a wide scope of vision.

"And, O Mrs. Throgmorton!" cried Mrs. Decoye, "my husband has been telling me the dreadfulest thing! I declare, I feel heart-broken and sickened of the world!"

Miss Hobart, her heart being too full of woe and her mouth of pop-corn to utter a syllable, only groaned.

The affair so appallingly heralded, and which the three related with many corrections, interjections and moral reflections upon the part of each, was briefly this: An indigent Southern lady with thirteen children, whom the tide of war had stranded on their shores, had been the recipient of five dollars from the Ladies' S. S. on the previous day.

"And this very morning," cried Mrs. D., "she came directly down to my husband's store, and—"

wait, Mr. D.—and what do you think—wait, Adrianna!—what do you think she bought?"

"A pair of five-dollar bronze boots!" said Milly. Which, not being in the line of Sealer & Decoye, caused great laughter.

"Well, if she was owing you anything I hope she paid it!" exclaimed Genevieve, with devout emphasis.

"Her grocery bills are paid by the town," said Mr. D., laughing at Genie's earnestness.

"Yes, Genevieve Throgmorton!" cried the grocer's lady, "her grocery bills are paid by the town! So, of course, she must have enough to eat—wait, Adrianna!"

"But it can't be very good," said Rachel. "She must get the cheapest of everything, and poor at that, to satisfy the selectmen. I hope she got something nice. White sugar, perhaps."

"White sugar! I should think so!"

"And butter and eggs!" added Adrianna.

"And raisins!" said Mrs. D.

"And currants!" said Adrianna.

"And spices of all sorts," said Mrs. D.

"Citron!" said Adrianna.

"Almonds!" said Mrs. D.

"And she made a cake!" said Adrianna.

"She made a cake," said Mrs. D. "You let me tell her, Adrianna."

"She spent two dollars and ninety-two cents!" said Mr. D. "I told my wife when I went home at noon—"

"And, I declare, I felt so bad," interrupted Mrs. D., "that I could not rest till I had seen the end of the matter. So I went over about three o'clock, and it was just as I expected. The whole house smelling of fruit-cake."

"And her children without shoes to their feet!" added Adrianna.

"And she living on the town!" said Mr. D.

"Mother," said the girls, as soon as their visitors had left, "won't you make a splendid fruit-cake with the very next money Edny gets? My mouth fairly waters for it, and we are not living on the town. How those children must have enjoyed it!"

Gayly and gladly the days rolled on. Melicent and Genevieve felled, and sawed, and split, and piled their cord a day between them, and sometimes more, as they got to understanding the work and could bring their brains to aid their muscles. Rachel did the housework, and machined together the summer dresses which mother and grandma finished off, and could get no time to work upon her story.

"I don't believe authoresses ever do house-work," said she. "And I would rather do house-work. I think it is more necessary. Or, if it's not necessary, it must be done."

One day in early April, while the snow still lay deep on the upland pasture where their cows ought

to have been cropping early grasses, where saxifrage should have lifted its hardy stars toward scarlet-tasseled maples, while ice still barred the silent brook beneath bare pussy willow boughs, came a man to Bittibat—Rufus South'ard, from Curtis's Nose, a straggling fishing-hamlet, dotted hap-hazard over the promontory which backed on Megotockonec, and divided allegiance between that town and Quarly.

"Miss Rachel," said the fisherman, as she opened the door, "you're the very one I've come a crusin' after. Wife says that your folks have had the scarlet fever, and you're a master-hand at nussin'."

"Have you got the scarlet fever at your house?" asked Rachel.

"Wal, no. But 'tis over on the P'int of the Nose. Big Peter's wife and the small craft are lyin' by; and what betwixt dread of the fever and the way Big Peter's carried sail—I won't say nothin' again' the woman. If they warn't spliced accordin' to—"

"Do tell me what you want, Mr. South'ard! Sal and Tissie are sick, and nobody is willing to nurse them; is that it?"

"That's it straight out and out. But what I say is this—suppose a poor fellow is under the weather, if he don't run across my bows I don't know as I've any call to run him down and sink him."

"Certainly not."

"And it does go mightily again' me to let Sal and the small craft slip their cables without no mortal woman nigh to bear a hand, jest because the man hain't always carried sail accordin' to Gunter. I hain't anything against him, he's always treated me ship-shape. But I can't make wife see what I'm steerin' for."

"You don't mean to say that the women on the Nose would let Sal and Tissie die—alone!"

"Yes, they would, every man-Jack of 'em. The doctor says they can't wear out the night without a woman at the wheel. But there ain't one on the Nose that'll stir for love or money. So we made up a pu's—"

"Don't stand there talking any longer!" exclaimed Rachel. "Come in and sit down while I run up-stairs to get my things," and away she rushed without heeding the fisherman's last words.

Mother and grandma gave advice and prescriptions, and put up medicines, which Rachel carefully heeded while she hastily "rigged for the y'yage," as Mr. South'ard would have expressed it, and bidding Bittibat "good-bye for a week," was off on her errand of mercy in less than fifteen minutes from Mr. South'ard's appearance.

Far out on the extreme Point, among rocks crusted with frozen spray, hidden from the mainland by a huge boulder, larger than itself, but open to the sea-blast on three sides, stood Big Peter's cottage—wide, low, solidly built; dreary and for-



bidding without, but within clean, bright, warm and well-furnished, with the thousand-and-one quaint articles of use and ornament that whalemen and bankers carve on their long voyages, and fruiterers bring from the Levant, with more substantial salvage from wrecked merchantmen. There were three rooms opening together. A cracked and rusty stove, red-hot, warmed the kitchen, into which Rachel first entered. Beyond were the rooms in which her patients lay. The larger, where the child slept, had a drift-wood fire blazing on its stone hearth, agreeably warming and ventilating both hers and the mother's room adjoining. There was another room on this floor, some above and a large cellar below. But into these Rachel never peeped. What she saw gave a very disagreeable impression. No honest fisherman, who did not own his market-boat, could have had so much of comfort in his dwelling as Big Peter's hinted at—only hinted at—one felt that more was hidden than displayed.

There was an ugly story about a peddler who disappeared from this same house. Some said that the peddler was one of a gang of smugglers whose booty Peter hid, and that he was killed in a quarrel about the receiver's wage. And others said that the supposed peddler was a government detective hunting after suspected smugglers. Be that as it may, a man with a pack on his back went in at Big Peter's door, and was never seen again living or dead.

Peter disappeared for years, leaving a woman with a babe upon her breast alone in this dismal place. This woman, Sal, was half of gypsy or of Indian blood, and people said had no legal right to the name of wife or the blessedness of motherhood. When she went to find her husband none knew of it. The point house was found empty one day, and soon earned the reputation of being haunted. Again one day it was discovered to be inhabited. Big Peter, with wife and child, were back again, as mysteriously as they had gone.

#### CHAPTER X.

"Have faith! Though clouds obscure thy sight,  
And tempests bar thy way;  
Trust thou in Him, so shall thy night  
Soon end in glorious day." SCHILLER.

"GOOD-EVENING, ma'am!" said the sallow, shrunken, half-breed woman, lying on a neat, well-furnished bed. "I hope you'll excuse my not sitting you a cheer, and also for not rising up; I know it seems unmannerly when you have done me the great honor of calling on us, but you see all these things on my stummick keeps me down."

The woman's voice was high and querulous with an affection of sly sweetness, that frequently degenerated into a disagreeable whine. Rachel could but hope that it would become pleasanter

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when she regained her senses. All night she maintained that peevish, apologetic strain. She was excessively sorry to make Rachel the trouble of putting mustard on her stomach, and hot water at her feet. It was altogether too great an honor to have such a lady bathe her face and hands. She said: "After you, ma'am," when Rachel offered her medicine.

The child lay in coma, and Rachel, alarmed at her condition, longed to spend the time working over her that she was obliged to give to the mother, who, in spite of her apologies, demanded constant attention. Whenever she excused herself to go to Tissie, the Indian woman drawled out: "Poor thing, she don't know no better. She's never had no schooling;" or else "Tissie's a lazy thing, to let you do so much waiting upon her."

After midnight Big Peter appeared, and told her he had got supper for her in the kitchen. The woman at once insisted most profusely and strenuously that she should go eat. Big Peter offered to sit with his wife, but Rachel shook her head at him, and told Sal she could not think of leaving her. Then Sal promised not to call upon her till she came back from supper. When she came back Sal was asleep. Thankful that her ruse had succeeded, Rachel went to work upon Tissie, and for an hour or two did all that lay in her power, aided by Big Peter's strong hands, to arouse the child from her death-like stupor, and was at last rewarded by the advance of more natural slumber.

The whole house was still. Big Peter slept on a shake-down in the kitchen. Rachel sat by an open window far removed from Tissie's bed, with the draft of the huge fire-place between. A slow wind moaned among the rocks, touching her forehead with shy fingers. The solemn sea intoned its never-ending dirge around the headland.

"Is it never still?" questioned wearied Rachel. "Will it never be still? Can it never rest? And to what end is this eternal labor, only to keep itself clean. Rest is stagnation, death, decay. Work without ceasing is God's holy command. 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.'" Rachel leaned her chin on her interlocked fingers and looked up into the night's infinite spaces. "So help me to do all my work in the six days allotted me, that I may inherit thy Sabbath of rest, O Lord my God," thought Rachel, and the lapping breadth of ocean sung a wondrous hymn of peace and restfulness.

"There shall no tempests blow,  
No scorching, summer heat,  
There shall be no more snow,  
No weary, wandering feet.  
So we lift our trustful eyes,  
From the hills our fathers trod,  
To the quiet of the skies,  
To the Sabbath of our God."



A man, black against the snow, loomed up before her, approaching silently, stealthily. A man! Her fearful situation—alone in a haunted house; alone on a desolate headland, a murderer and two dying ones her sole companions; alone, in the night, with a desert of rock, a wilderness of ocean to still a shriek for help and hide a lifeless body; all alone, and she was such a slight, powerless thing!

All this burst upon her, widening and deepening in terror with every second of the man's quick, cautious, noiseless approach. She heard Big Peter's stentorian breathing through the half-opened kitchen door. She heard her heart throbbing in her ears.

"Good-mornin', Miss Rachel, how are ye makin' sail?" said the man, in a hoarse whisper.

"Mr. South'ard! O Mr. South'ard, is that you?"

"Yes, marm! 'Tis this old schooner! Wife she couldn't sleep with thinkin' of you left alone here with this ere crew, and nothin' would do but I must cruise over and see how you was carryin' sail."

"But she didn't get you up in the middle of the night for that, did she?"

"Bless your heart! 'Tis mornin', broad daylight, only the sun ain't up yit; but the tide is, and it's always day when the tide serves down on the Nose."

Before Rufus South'ard left, Rachel became aware by the broadening light and freshening breeze that it was really day, although, as he said: "The sun was consid'able behind the lighter, but she was makin' way fast, and would soon heave in sight."

"'Tis sunrise, ain't it?" called the peevish, affected voice of Sal. Rachel was not naturally patient. Sal's voice vexed her, it required a violent effort to bring perfect quiet and sweetness into soul, and face, and tone in her quick walk to the bedside.

"Lift me up and let me look at it."

Rachel was really grateful that she made no apology for the request, and saw with pleasure that the woman was in her right mind.

"It looks as if it smelt good!" said Sal, as Rachel lifted her up till she could see the wet snow pierced with rocks casting long, blue-black shadows, "the yellow, tide foam," the steel-gray ocean and steel-gray sky barred from zenith to antipodes with level lines of rose.

Rachel opened the window, and fixed it with a stick. The world was very still. The great heartbeats of old ocean throbbed through its silences.

"The' ain't nothing smells so pretty as this," murmured Sal. "There's never nothing smells so pretty as the early morning, just before the sun gets up. Did you ever hear tell of that little fellow? I can't think of nothing, or I could tell

you His name. Like enough you've read about Him. They called him the Infant—that's it, I've got it. The Infant Jesus. Queer how I could have forgot the name. Did you ever hear about His traveling along with His mother, and stopping under the palm-trees? 'Twas a mighty pooty country they was in, where there wa'n't never any winter. They traveled along all day by the edge of the Red Sea. They was going down into Egypt, for there was a dretful, cruel king that wanted to kill her Baby. They got up in the night and went along under the stars. Joseph led the beast and Mary rid on it with the Baby cuddled up in her shawl."

Rachel's heart throbbed high and fast. How true it is that there never lived a human being into whose every grief Jesus did not enter, and having borne them all, put them also under His feet. He, too, had fled for His life beside the mysterious sea, with the hunted felon. He, too, had slept under the watchful stars, all so safe, miles away from anybody. "Oh, what a God is Jesus!" cried Rachel's heart, overwhelmed with gratitude and love. "A God upon whose head a price has been set."

"Do you know that the Infant Jesus was God Himself?" she asked aloud.

"Yes, I know it, but I can't think of Him so. I know He's off in Heaven, somewhere now, but 'tain't easy to think of Him so. In the morning, when the morning star is shining, I've seen it shining big and clear when the sea was just like glass, and the star threw a long wake down into the bay, and not another star was to be seen, nor the sun, nor the moon, only the morning star shining down, down into the bay, and I say that's Jesus. That's the Infant Jesus up in the sky."

"Did you know that Jesus was called 'the bright and morning star' in the Bible?" asked Rachel, astonished at the coincidence.

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, the Bible is the book that tells about Jesus, and it calls him the bright and morning star."

"No, I didn't know that. Well then I'm right, ain't I? That is Jesus. I knew it must be. I knew there couldn't be nothing else so pretty."

"Dear, dear," thought Rachel, "I'm a very poor missionary. But oh, what a good missionary that was who gave this woman her beautiful thought! I wonder if he knew at the time what a deathless seed he had planted in her breast, and imagined that in years to come, when her husband was a murderer and herself a wandering beggar the little seed would sprout and grow in her heart. How good it would be if we could always see the end of our work!"

"Ain't it beautiful, though," continued Indian Sal, raising herself with feverish strength, "to think of 'em agoing down into Egypt? I can

see the Infant asleep there, cuddled up under whatever sort of bushes there is grows down in Judee. They had cedars, though; I'm glad of that," and she sank back heavily. "I can think of cedars, and I know just how the pretty Infant smiled in His sleep, and how Mary hung her shawl over the cedar branches to keep the firelight off, and how the spring sparkled, and the smoke ris up among the black tops to the trees."

"Oh, what a God is the Christian's God!" thought Rachel. "God also of the wandering Indian woman! Was it for her, and such as her, that Thou wentest down into Egypt, in fulfillment of ancient prophecy?" and infinite thoughts, beyond the power of mortal language to express, arose in Rachel's soul.\*

## CHAPTER XI.

"Let patience have her perfect work."

BIBLE.

NEARLY two weeks had Rachel continued with the outlaw's family; though she became more and more convinced that Big Peter possessed a secret means of wealth which it was politic not to inquire into, many things about the family endeared them to her. Rachel's strong love of use made her feel a warm affection toward any who expressed a need of her. Indian Sal had a sweet and gentle desire of ingratiating herself with her better taught neighbors, toward whom she looked with great reverence, and when Rachel discovered that it was this desire, and her anxiety not to give offense which occasioned her rasping, drawling whine the girl had patience with it, and in time overlooked it, or else the woman herself left it off.

Big Peter's gratitude was surprising to Rachel, who had always been stuffed with the ingratitude of the lower classes. Not indeed at home. Her father and mother always said, do all the good you can and never mind about the gratitude. But often and often had she heard benevolent ladies weep and lament over the ingratitude of the poor, the thanklessness of their labors. Big Peter evidently harbored the impression that she had never heard any ill of him; and his laborious efforts to be always consistent and upright in conversation with her, assured Rachel that he might, with time and patience, by Christian treatment, be won to a better mode of life.

Tissie was morose and shy. But when her mother explained that she was hunted like a wild beast from the hamlet, that the children tore her books and broke her slate unreprieved when she

was sent to school, and the women on Curtis's Nose would not let her speak to their young ones, Rachel conquered her dislike to the little savage's moods, and in time conquered the moods.

As her patients were able to be left alone, she took every day a walk to the hamlet. With most of the fisher's wives she had a speaking acquaintance, and it was her earnest desire to awaken in them a sense of their responsibility in regard to Big Peter's Tissie.

Rachel was naturally impetuous. All that she had acquired of self-government, of the slow preparation, first, of the ground, before a seed can be sown, and afterward the quiet, hopeful waiting for the blade, the ear, and in due time the full corn in the ear, came from her mother's constant precept and example. Mrs. Throgmorton, like her mother before her, was too perfect a lady ever to harbor resentment or show a ruffled temper. While from her father Rachel inherited a strong, abiding, all-enduring faith. And the trial of faith inevitably worketh patience.

Now it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Rachel to have exclaimed, impetuously, as she flung herself down in Mrs. Southard's kitchen: "I think you women on the Nose have treated Big Peter's family shamefully! You keep them down and tread them under your feet, tread them into the mire! I cannot endure to think of the way poor Tissie's abused and what will become of her, growing up so ignorant and willful, with her wild, gipsy beauty. If she goes astray who is to blame for it but you women of Curtis's Nose. She has been put into your hands, her soul has! What will you do with it? There is sin and sorrow enough in the world, any one may see it! But what can prevent its always increasing and rolling on, a great flood-tide of crime and wretchedness, growing deeper and more dreadful in every foot of its advance, until sin shall be the rule and virtue the exception, if all well-taught, Christian men and women do not do what they can—every individual man and woman of them—to raise and help their fellow-beings. Big Peter's Tissie has been put into your hands, you women of Curtis's Nose, she has been put into your hands, and God will certainly require her soul of you in the last day!"

All this and much more rolled through Rachel's brain as she talked to the fisher-women about their poultry, the hard times, the teething baby and snow-filled harbor. With every word they spoke she was getting a clearer insight into their lives, getting nearer the heart of them. With her own ready sympathy proving how grateful is the sympathy of those more favored of fortune, and leading them, by carefully-pondered words, to see that Sal and Tissie were craving and would be grateful for just such sympathy from them. Slowly, very slowly, was the idea taking root in these women's

\*The incident of Indian Sal is real. Her sentiments having been expressed by the wife of an outlaw on the Western prairies, whom the writer nursed under similar circumstances.

brains, that they owed anything to Big Peter's family; that they were in great measure responsible for Tissie's present conduct and future behavior; that it would be far safer to help her make a decent wife for a fisherman, by and by, than to leave her, isolated, a dangerous rock, with beckoning eyes, to wreck their boys some day. She talked with the men, breasting the wild sou'-wester, close-buttoned in Big Peter's pea-jacket. She talked with them about the smacks, fitted for the George's, and frozen into the harbor for months, now at sea in this squally weather; about the drifting ice and their frozen scenes, and profitless labors in the arctic waters of the bay. And she talked with them of Big Peter. None of the men ever said an ill word of Indian Sal or the child, but Peter was a "reg'lar rascal," and they "hated him like pison."

One afternoon Rachel was surprised by a call from two neighbor women, who pulled out their knitting in a very friendly way, and at the end of a visit which they took special pains to make agreeable to her convalescent patients, took their departure with kindly assurances that they would look in every day, remarking: "I suppose you'll be going home to-morrow, Miss Throgmorton. That's full two weeks, and *all we calculated for*."

The next day Rufus South'ard's sleigh appeared with one of those women, who had "come to set awhile." And when, in Bittibat dining-room, the fisherman paid her eight dollars, did Rachel first understand that she had been regularly hired by the combined purses of Curtis's Nose to nurse Sal and Tissie.

Besides the eight dollars which necessity forced Rachel to accept, though her pride bitterly rebelled, she had earned the golden opinion of Dr. Magnus of Megotchkonec. (That was another ounce which weighed against Big Peter, that he should have had to his sick family a physician whose enormous charges put him quite beyond the reach of all who had to count their pennies.) Dr. Magnus bestowed unstinted praise on the young woman who had actually saved the lives of his patients, and asked her to enroll as one of his regular nurses. Rachel was delighted with the idea. Here was certain employment and good pay. Dr. Magnus's nurses got ten dollars the week.

When the subject was mentioned at home, her mother seriously and earnestly objected. A sick-nurse never moved in the first circles. No MacCallum More had ever regarded one as his equal, and never could. Rachel MacCallum More Throgmorton a sick-nurse! Shades of departed grandeur forbid!

"Perhaps the doctor will never think of it again," said Rachel, and so dismissed the matter.

Subjects of far greater moment had arisen during her absence. Bronson Brown had himself

come for the coats, and had paid every cent he owed them, with the remark that they were the only ones among his many creditors who had showed any faith in his good intentions. Said he: "When I am trusted, I always aim to fulfill my obligations. That is a point of honor with me. But a person who suspects my integrity touches a sensitive point—touches my honor! And I don't care if he never receives a penny of my indebtedness. I feel just that way about it. A person who doubts my integrity I never forgive!" And the implacable Bronson Brown disappeared, not only from Bittibat but also from Quarly.

"And we are the only persons in town whom he did pay," concluded Genie; "and that just because Milly said she would trust him."

"And because you would not let me dun him, child," said Rachel.

"Well," replied Genie, "it just makes me so mad to be dunned, I don't care whether the bill is ever paid or not."

Another subject was more painful. The hay was entirely out. Edny had been everywhere except to Uncle Jeffers and Gove Sparkler's, but could not get a wisp. Uncle Gardiner had given them an armful that night, when he learned their creatures had been without hay for thirty-six hours, just enough to "keep their cud," but would sell none, as he had not enough to last the month out. Stock was dying everywhere, and Uncle Gardiner had advised them to sell their cows to the butcher.

"He said we had done well to keep them so long, but they were in very good condition to kill for milch cows, and would bring us in something. John James sold his cow this morning. We've only got money enough for one half ton of bailed hay, and Uncle Gardiner says the bailed hay is only bitter weeds with stones in the middle."

"I didn't mind Edny's going to Uncle Gardiner so long as he had the money in his hand," said Genevieve. "That wasn't asking for his help, was it, Challie?"

"No," said Rachel, whose thoughts had been flying like swallows during this narration. "Have you been to Lewis White's?"

"No!" exclaimed a chorus of astonished voices.

"Well, he has a large farm, and keeps no sort of cattle. I'm going there to-morrow morning."

That night Rachel knelt by her bedside and prayed: "Dear Father in Heaven, help me to trust Thy mercy and wisdom, even though we lose our cows." And lying down, greatly refreshed, after that simple petition, she asked herself what she should do without a God to rely on.

As for the rest of the household, they sought their pillows with contented hearts and smiling lips. Rachel had got home.

(To be continued.)

## SAINT ROBERT.

GRACE GREENWOOD somewhere tells this characteristic story:

Robert Anderson, of old Glasgow, Scotland, so far from believing in Woman's Rights, held woman mainly responsible for all the wrongs that have ever afflicted the world and the race. He held that, in fully nine cases out of ten, women were wrong, in arguments, accounts, dates and quotations. Yet he admitted that, on the whole, they were well-meaning creatures, and useful in their humble way and narrow sphere.

Happily for him, he had a meek, loving, patient, little wife, who yielded every point without a struggle, and never contended for the last word.

Once upon a time, this little woman fell ill of some inexplicable malady. It may be that always being in the wrong, and never having the last word, did it. At all events, she fell ill, and for many months "physicians were in vain."

One evening, as her husband came to her bedside to ask after her condition in his bluff, hearty way, she answered, feebly: "I don't think I am any better, Mr. Anderson. I am still so nervous and wakeful. It seems to me if I could only sleep, I could get well without medicine."

"I think it very likely you might, Marianne," replied her lord. "There's nothing like sleep:

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

as Shakespeare says."

It may have been the desperation and perverseness of sickness, but poor Mrs. Anderson certainly did an unprecedented thing—question her husband's literary accuracy in the matter of a quotation.

"I think, dear," she said, "that Shakespeare didn't say just that about sleep."

"Why, Marianne, what do you mean? I can put my finger on the very passage in 'Macbeth.'"

"Well, dear, I may be mistaken. I wish you would look for it."

So the family Shakespeare was brought, and Robert Anderson set to work.

"I can't find it in 'Macbeth,'" he said, at last. "It must be in 'Henry IV,' the old king says it."

Play after play was looked through in vain. Then the "Concordance" was consulted, with like ill success.

"Ah! by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke!" exclaimed Robert Anderson, glancing at the title-page. "I might have known better than to expect system and completeness in a woman's book. She has overlooked the passage."

"I think you will find it in Young's 'Night Thoughts,'" said the meek, little woman at last.

"Nonsense, child! the passage is Shakespeare's, and I'll find it yet. Besides, I've no copy of

Young, and no time to waste in useless search. As though I did not know the true Shakespearean ring!

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

Young, indeed!"

The next morning poor Marianne, who had passed a more than usually restless night, astonished her kind, old doctor by begging him to procure for her a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Perhaps, being a Homœopath, he thought it might bring her sleep; so sent his boy around with the volume, labeled: "*Medicamen soporiferum*. To be taken immediately."

On his return from business that afternoon, Robert Anderson found his venerable mother sitting by the bedside of his wife, attired in a rustling, black silk gown, and knitting and rocking vigorously; but in spite of all, he noticed that his Marianne looked better. She held an open volume of Young's 'Night Thoughts' in her thin, white hand, and as he bent over her, she pointed with a little flush of triumph to the apostrophe to Sleep.

He took the book, and raising his eye-glass, carefully perused the passage. Then he critically examined the title-page to make sure that it was a regular, authorized edition of Dr. Young. Then he flung it down with a look that almost terrified the poor invalid. Something in her pale, wistful face appealed to his manly magnanimity. He grew red, his bosom swelled, but he brought it out: "Marianne, you are right—for once."

Saying this, he rushed from the apartment.

"Well, I am sure Robert is very good to grant so much as that, Marianne," said Mrs. Anderson the elder, slightly bridleing.

"Good! He's a saint on earth, and I am not worthy of him," sobbed Mrs. Anderson the younger, with her face buried in her pillow.

It was observed, however, that from that hour she got better.

A SOURCE OF HOME DISCOMFORT.—Much of the ill-humor and many of the dissensions that often creep into homes are due directly or indirectly to improper, ill-cooked food. It is highly essential that a wife should understand how all work should be done, even though she may never need to toil herself. Every housewife should be a mother-superior over her own realm, having her whole house under her personal supervision, when, with due care and economy, be she mistress or maid-of-all-work, she will have the sublime satisfaction of knowing that, whatever reverses may come, she is prepared to do her part in the emergencies of the hour.

NOTHING but a good life can fit a man for a better one.

HER LIFE IN BLOOM.\*  
A SEQUEL TO "LENOX DARE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVI.

LENOX DARE had been a month at Briarswild before Robert Beresford joined her. The Mavises were the only people to whom she confided her engagement. Even they did not learn it until she had been with them more than a fortnight.

It was, of course, an immense surprise. To Ben it was not certainly an unmixed joy. But he expressed his real feeling when he said, looking at Lenox with his deep, quiet gaze: "I cannot believe, Lenox, there is a man in the world worthy to be your husband. If there is, I shall be glad that you have found him."

"O Ben, how your praise shames me!" answered Lenox, grateful tears filling her eyes. "I am no more worthy of it than I am to be Robert Beresford's wife."

But when it came to talking of him, she was shy as a young girl about speaking of her lover. Mrs. Mavis, on the *qui vive* with curiosity, and interest, and a woman's romance, did her best to draw her friend out, with very indifferent results.

Lenox would not praise the man whose wife she had promised to be—would only describe his appearance in such general terms as would have suited thousands of men.

"I give it up from this time, Lenox," Mrs. Mavis broke out one day, after her questions had met with particularly vague replies. "You are the most aggravating woman for an engaged one."

"Wait and see for yourself, Dorrice dear," answered Lenox, in a half-pleading voice, yet through which Mrs. Mavis fancied she detected a little throb of triumph.

The evening following that talk, Robert Beresford was at Briarswild.

Two days afterward, his host and hostess learned how their guest and Lenox had first met in Cherry Hollows Glen. She related the whole story as they sat together in the twilight after tea. When she had finished, there was a long silence. Mavis broke it at last.

"Why did you never tell me—never my mother—all this, Lenox?" he asked.

There was something restrained in his voice. It might be amazement. It sounded almost like sternness or reproach.

"I do not know, Ben," answered Lenox, in the tone of one who tries to solve some riddle to herself. "I always meant to speak, but the right time did not come. I never told anybody but Uncle Tom, and not him until we had known each other for years."

"It is all more romantic than any novel I ever read," said Dorrice, who had drunk in every word with her baby sleeping in her arms, bringing back to Beresford the face of one of those lovely, golden-haired, tender-eyed Madonnas which had smiled on him so often in the picture galleries of his youth.

The next day, when the two men were walking over the grounds together, Beresford suddenly spoke to his companion: "I never knew until yesterday how Lenox had come to you—what she owes to you! Ah, Mavis, your glance at the first went straight to the mark, while mine—what a blind ass I was that day in the Glen! How little I deserve what has come to me!"

The eyes of the two men met. Something in his host's struck Beresford. In a moment a thought, a suspicion, flashed across him. Then he heard Ben's voice answering quietly: "It is not surprising you saw no farther, Beresford. Had I been in your place that day, I should not have behaved as well as you did."

Before Beresford came to Briarswild, Ben Mavis had not been prejudiced in his favor. The news of Lenox's engagement had, for many reasons, been a shock to the man who had been more than a brother to her. But his deepest feeling had been anxiety for Lenox's future. He feared lest her heart and imagination had idealized some nature shallow and commonplace at bottom. He knew how many a woman had wrecked her life in this way—knew how terrible for Lenox Dare would be the awaking from her illusions when marriage had settled her fate. He knew, too, that with her clear instincts, her high moral sense, the awaking from any illusion was sooner or later inevitable.

But it was impossible for men like Robert Beresford and Ben Mavis to be thrown together without soon recognizing each other's quality. In less than two days after his guest's arrival, Mavis had come to the conclusion that a character so noble, a soul so many-sided and rarely endowed, had never crossed his threshold. As for Mrs. Mavis—I suppose no woman could know Robert Beresford without loving him.

The day after the two men had their talk, Beresford said to Lenox: "Mavis is a noble fellow. You and he knew each other so long—you were thrown so constantly together, the wonder is—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Lenox. "Such a thought never crossed the mind of either of us. Ben always felt for me what only the tenderest brother could feel for his young sister; and I—it has struck me now for the first time as a little singular that I never had any young girl's romantic fancies. But I had, dim and vague, in my soul, an ideal—"

She paused a moment, and then she turned to him with a new light in her face.

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"It must have been because I had seen you, Robert," she said. "I did not know it; but, ignorant and foolish as I was, you had shown me a standard—you had given me a glimpse of something manly, and tender, and noble which I never found again. I see it all now. It was you that saved me from anything but the most surface fancy when I was at Hampton Beach. What have I been unconsciously owing you all this time!"

Beresford listened with grateful surprise; but all the time he could not forget the look which had struck him in Mavis's eyes. The suspicion which awoke in him at that time has never died out, though he has never again spoken of it, even to Lenox.

In that happy home of her girlhood, her sparkling spirits, her native gayety broke out unrestrained and infectious. Even Robert Beresford had some new surprise and delight in her playful moods.

His visit had fallen in the loveliest autumn weather. He and Lenox passed much of their time out-doors, visiting her old haunts and living over the past of both. She had learned through Jack Leith a good deal of Beresford's artistic promise. Her own instincts had taught her in their early acquaintance that he had not the business temperament, but he himself never alluded to the subject until he came to Briarswild.

One day he told her what had decided him to enter into business; he set before her every motive which had influenced him at the time he made his choice. It was her right to know now.

Lenox sat very still after he had spoken. They could hear in the next room Dorrice crooning to her sleeping boy. At last Lenox spoke in the low-keyed, decided voice which, with her, was a sign of repressed feeling: "There are few things in the world I would not rather face than poverty. I see how it cripples, hampers, half-spoils so many lives. My tastes, my habits, may have made a coward of me. But," and the beautiful head bridled, and the soul of the woman shone in her eyes and thrilled through her voice, "I think I could bear cold and hunger—I think I could work my fingers to the bone, before the man I loved should sell his birthright. If he did that to shelter me in ease and luxury, the whole would seem only—Esau's mess of pottage."

When he heard her say that, when he saw how she looked saying it, Robert Beresford knew that, had Lenox Dare been his wife, he should never have gone into business.

"Thank Heaven, you will have no tests of that sort," he said, replying to her speech.

Was she speaking to him or to herself: "One of these days—in a little while—you must go back to that old easel, Robert!"

"After all these wasted years, Lenox!" he murmured, sadly.

She turned and faced him then, with her steady, shining eyes.

"It is not too late! It shall not be!" she said.

Were her words inspired? As he listened, as he gazed on her, he half-believed it. Would the old visions, the morning beauty, come back again?—the sense of power—the joy of achievement! Could the presence, the faith, the tenderness of this woman, work miracles—call up from the grave of years and breathe life into that dear dead gift of his youth?

The day that Robert Beresford left Briarswild, Lenox and Ben Mavis had one of their old evening walks together.

"I am satisfied with your choice," he said. "You and Robert Beresford must have been intended for each other in the original constitution of things."

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN the late November, when the last smile of the Indian Summer lingered pensively on the hill-sides and among the valleys, Robert Beresford and Lenox Dare were married. They had the quietest of weddings in the gray cottage. Only a few people were present—the Mavises, the Leiths and some old friends of the Apthorps.

Lenox went at once to her husband's home. She did not, however, give up her own. Before their marriage, they had decided to occupy the two homes. These stood in opposite directions, nearly equidistant from Boston. The cottage that dreamed by the sea seemed to fitly supplement the stately inland mansion that faced the northern hills.

Of homes like these, of a life like theirs, there is little to write. The deepest joy of such a marriage must be still, like that of the old friendship, its perfect companionship. To this could come no change—no satiety. It was one of the eternal things.

Something of a fair, gracious presence that had vanished seemed still, in Lenox's thought, to haunt the beautiful home, the wide old rooms of which she was mistress. She would not have had it otherwise.

In the large and generous nature of this woman, there was no room for any of those retrospections and associations of which a smaller soul might have been conscious. It was the aim of Lenox Dare to keep always tender and vivid in the memory of her husband the love of his youth. Had he failed himself there she would have felt that he failed her also.

The love that had come to her—the best gift of God—was, in its tenderness and opulence, a daily surprise to her. But, after all, her deepest joy would always be less in love bestowed than in the divine joy of loving.

There was one relation, however, which, at the out-

set, she found it impossible to realize that she had assumed with her marriage to Robert Beresford.

His son was still with his aunt in Germany, but he was to return home in the early spring. I cannot imagine the position of stepmother would at first seem altogether agreeable to any woman. But it was in the nature of Lenox Dare to see the ideal side of all relations and characters where her own heart was concerned.

She thought about Philip—she entered more or less into his feelings, into his first recoil when he learned what she was—into the pain with which he would hear that a stranger had taken his mother's place in his home—in his father's heart. In a little while there grew up in her soul a yearning pity and love for the boy.

Meanwhile the northern winter went on its way of cold, and storm, and sleet. Robert Beresford was keeping his promise to his wife, and settling up his business as fast as its varied complications admitted. The two listened to the raging of the winds around their inland home, to the roll of the sea in the gray cottage by the beach.

They came and went in the oddest ways, sometimes staying for a single day—sometimes for a week. Donald Brae and his wife were always on the lookout for them, always had the rooms ready, the hearth-fires bright.

Sometimes as they sat together, reading, or talking, or dropping into those silences more silvery than any speech, Beresford would look at his wife, and say: "What a woman you are!"

And Lenox would laugh gayly, and answer: "That remark is dreadfully ambiguous!"

But his tone and look were anything but that.

Once she said to him, with a little quiver in her voice: "We are so happy here, Robert, that I am half afraid. It seems as though such still, perfect gladness had no right in a world so full of pain and sorrow. What have I done to be so happy! Uncle Tom's dying prophecy has come true!"

"Yes; I needed you, Lenox," he answered. "The perpetual wonder is that I have you!" he added in a moment, with the humility of the highest love.

"The wonder with me is of a precisely opposite kind," replied Lenox. "But sometimes, Robert, it does all seem a good deal like what Emerson calls 'the comfortable ending of a novel.' Here we are—with our two homes, with more money than we want, and—oh, I could go on endlessly, but the sum of it all would be—with each other!"

And then for a little while there was silence.

Lenox was the first to break it.

"Sometimes a little fear creeps across me, when I think of the future. The fear does not stay long, but it always brings a little chill and shadow with it."

"What is the fear, Lenox?"

"That we—that I must grow old in a little while!"

"Old!" he repeated, with a quiet, amused sort of smile. "Do you really imagine you could ever do that to me, Lenox?"

She thought of the swift, sure-footed years, how they stole from all human things the grace of youth, the glow of beauty, and she answered, doubtfully: "It is not for myself I care—not even for the fading, the wrinkles, the gray hairs that must come; but the beauty your eyes have found in me has grown precious—sacred for your sake. How will you feel to see my youth going?"

Again his grave, tender smile shone on her. Then he said: "When a woman's soul has become the best part of her beauty—when a man can say to her that she has satisfied his heart and his intellect, and awakened his imagination, that woman need never be afraid of growing old under his eyes."

And again there was a little silence. This time the man broke it.

"How often," he said, "I go back in my thoughts to the road which led me that morning from the hospital over the hills. I shall be going back over it all my life. When I am an old man I shall say of it:

"To think how little I dreamed it led  
To an age so blest that by its side  
Youth seems the waste instead!"

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the early spring Philip Beresford crossed the sea. The boy thought his father the most splendid man in the world. His second marriage had been a severe shock to Philip. He could remember his own mother perfectly. He had never forgotten that day when she lay there white and still in the ravine, and he sat by her side and watched the curious, whispering crowd around them.

Philip's Aunt Edith, kindly and commonplace, had, by her indiscreet comments, augmented her nephew's repugnance to his father's marriage. She had gossiped endlessly about it in the boy's hearing. "Bob," she insisted, "was, with all his genius, just the soft-hearted fellow to be taken in by an artful, ambitious woman. He always fancied people finer and better than they were. Poor Philip would find his home a totally different place now a stepmother held the reins! Of course she would get around his father by hook or by crook—second wives always did that—and have everything her own way!"

Talk of this sort had been persistently dinned into the boy's ears the winter before he sailed for home.

Meanwhile Beresford wrote very sparingly about his wife. He entered thoroughly into

Philip's feeling at this time, and knew the only satisfactory way of meeting that would be to let the boy judge for himself. He understood his sister well enough to imagine all she would say.

Beresford went to New York to meet his son. Overjoyed as Philip was to see his father again, a shadow lay all the while on his young heart. He remembered his aunt's talk; he dreaded the first meeting with the strange woman who would be in his mother's place.

He waited for his father to speak of her, but the man never alluded to his wife. They were in the cars, on their way home, when Philip suddenly drew up to his father, and asked under his breath: "Papa, is—*is she there?*"

"Yes, my dear boy, *she is there*. She will be very glad to see you."

This was the sole allusion to Lenox during the journey. Beresford read his boy's heart as though it had been an open book. He pitied him so keenly that the silence, which, in the end he knew would prove wisest for all, cost him a great effort.

They reached home just at gloaming. Lenox met them in the hall. She wore that evening a black velvet dress. There was not a hint of color about her. Her uncle and her husband fancied that black or white suited her better than anything else; and her own tastes always inclined her to simple forms and natural tints in her toilet.

Philip Beresford is a boy still, but to his dying day he will never forget the graceful vision—the tall, slender woman with the great, dark eyes who met him on the threshold. There was a little tremulousness about the mouth—a flush on the cheeks, which her husband knew was, with her, the sign of inward excitement.

The woman and the boy stood silent a moment gazing on each other. Lenox saw the slight, lithe figure, the brown, clustering hair, the young, delicate face, where the mother's violet eyes shone clear over all the strong likeness to the father. As she looked down on him all the meaning and sacredness of the relation in which they two stood to each other grew clear to her. A great tenderness toward this boy—the gift of his dead mother to her heart and life—suddenly came over her.

Then she heard his father saying: "This is my wife, Philip, Mrs. Beresford."

He had never consulted Lenox about the name which she would bear to his son. But he was certain what would best suit her.

She leaned forward now. Had she yielded to her feeling she would have drawn the boy to her heart, but she was not impulsive on the surface. She took the boy's hand between her soft palms, and her voice was quite steady, when she said: "I am very glad to see you, Philip. I hope we shall be—a great deal to each other!"

And Philip, still staring at her, answered, with

the courtesy of speech and manner which were his inheritance: "I hope we shall be, Mrs. Beresford."

If the words as you read them sound strange and cold, you must bear in mind the sort of people they were—the three naturally proud and reticent when it came to any expression of their deepest feelings.

Lenox understood perfectly. Her husband would not claim from his son at the first anything beyond the respect and courtesy due the woman who had taken his mother's place. Other feelings might come with longer acquaintance and deeper knowledge, but at the beginning it was impossible she could be more to the boy than her husband had called her—his father's wife!

For the next hour Philip did not remove his curious, pleased eyes from Mrs. Beresford, while she talked with him about his voyage, and about the plans his father had made for his coming home.

When the two were alone together, Philip turned to his father, and said, very earnestly: "Papa, she is not at all like—like what I expected."

"No, I did not suppose she would be, Philip," he replied, and that was all that was ever said between them on the subject.

Philip Beresford was a boy—not quite twelve years old, more or less spoiled by everybody. He had a generous heart, a high temper, a boy's love of loud sports and fun, a boy's crude notions and headstrong will. He made a breeze of fresh, young life in the great house. Lenox thoroughly enjoyed it. She had never been thrown much with boys, and this one was a source of perpetual interest and amusement to her. She entered with zest into his varied boy-life. Her interest and sympathy in his young plans and pleasures never flagged. In a little while Beresford thought that the wish they had expressed on their first meeting had come true—his wife and his boy were "a great deal to each other!"

Philip, of course, found Joe Hatch installed at the house. He and the younger boy soon became the best of comrades. Beresford did not adopt Joe. He kept his promise to the father—he meant to see that Joe came up an honest man. He would give him the chance to develop whatever native faculty he possessed. That would be better than bringing him up as a gentleman's son.

Joe had, from the beginning, an immense admiration for Lenox. He had learned with delight from Beresford that she was coming to be mistress of the grand house. It was not in her nature or her husband's to forget that they owed their first meeting to Joe Hatch.

Sometimes when Lenox looked at Philip and thought of that new fountain of mother-love which had opened in her heart toward the boy,

she would exclaim, half-involuntarily: "O Philip, you are such a comfort to me!"

And Philip would look in her tender eyes, with his grave, boyish ones, and think to himself: "I wonder what I have done to make her say that!"

But those who saw them together—saw how he would sit and watch her with grave, pleased eyes—how he liked to be by her side; how he would follow her from room to room to tell her what had happened—whatever filled for the moment with light or shadow his young horizon—those never doubted that Philip Beresford loved his father's wife!

#### CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a June morning again. Once more Lenox Dare stood among her tulip-beds and looked over their sea of gorgeous bloom. She had come down two days before with her husband and Philip to stay a week by the sea. Lenox's memory went back suddenly to a year ago, when she had stood in the same place with the darkness and ache at her heart. She remembered Jessie Dawes; she remembered how the dawn had arisen on the night of her loneliness and grief, how the supreme joy of her life had come when she believed that all her joys had vanished.

She had learned much through her own bias. She had come to feel, in a deeper, clearer sense than ever before, that it was God's will that His creatures should be happy—that He must have meant that from the beginning; and that what He meant, must be,

"At last—far off—at last—to all."

She turned at length from her flower-beds and went on through the grounds. In one corner of these was a little rustic arbor, roofed over with green vines. They made a dim, shady nook in the hottest noonday. When Lenox came here, she caught sight of a small brown head on the low seat. She went inside, and found Philip stretched at full length, and fast asleep. The shadows of the vines trembled on his delicate, young face, and over his damp, brown curls. Lenox drew a low seat to his side, sat down and watched the sleeping boy, shading his eyes from a stray sunbeam or two. At length Philip stirred, opened his eyes, and saw, in the shadowy stillness, the beautiful face that bent over him.

"Why, Mrs. Beresford," he exclaimed, "how did you come here?"

"I was out in the grounds, and happened to be passing this way, when I caught sight of a little brown head lying on the bench. I came in softly, and have been watching you—ten minutes, perhaps. What made you go to sleep, Philip?"

"It does look a good deal like a two-year old, napping at this time of day! I didn't know I

was tired; but when I passed here, it looked so cool and still, I just stopped in and dropped off in a flash. Papa and I had the jolliest swim this morning."

"Swim!"

"Yes. Papa proposed it when we were on our way to the depot. I know the notion struck him when we came in sight of the bay. We went down on the rocks, found some bathing-suits, and in two minutes we plunged in. We had glorious fun for the next quarter of an hour, tumbling about in the great waves. Papa missed the next train, but the fun more than paid for that."

"I am glad you had the fun. It was just like your father to start off in that way. One is never quite sure of what he may do the next minute."

"Papa is splendid on a lark! But," continued Philip, his voice growing grave, "he is a dreadful muff when it comes to letting me have any fun on my own hook."

"What does that mean, Philip?"

"Some of the fellows are going off on a tramp to-morrow to Blue Hill. It will be just the jolliest lark. I asked papa about my going, but he didn't look encouraging. He doesn't realize that I am almost twelve years old." Here Philip rose from his seat, and straightened his slender figure. "He has the most absurd notions about my being unable to take care of myself. It isn't pleasant."

"I can imagine not—altogether."

"The idea," continued Philip, in a half-indignant, half-aggrieved tone, "of not trusting a fellow as far as Blue Hill who has tramped half over Switzerland with his cousins! I believe papa does not know I have grown a day older since I left home. A fellow at twelve don't like to be treated like a milkop!"

"Well, Philip, I will talk over Blue Hill with your father to-night."

Philip hurried at that. "I am sure to go now," he said. "Papa will never refuse anything you ask him."

"I am afraid that is hardly a compliment to him," said Mrs. Beresford, gayly.

But a moment after she grew silent, gazing at Philip, until there was a tender shining in her eyes. At last she laid her hand softly on his curls. It was rather unusual for her to do that.

"I like to see my little boy happy!" she said, with a soft thrill in her voice.

Philip looked up. He saw the tender shining in the dark eyes. They seemed to draw his heart toward them.

"Dear, beautiful mamma!" he murmured.

It was an involuntary exclamation. He had made it a good many times before—in his thoughts. He was not aware that he had spoken until he saw the look in Lenox's face. Then he flushed like a girl.

"Philip," she said, in low, tremulous tones, and

with a slight, deprecating gesture, "I have no right to that name. It belongs to the dead."

But when he heard her say that, he broke out again: "Yes you have—the best right in the world! I don't like that other name. It sounds so—so formal—just what everybody else calls you!"

"It never sounds so to me when you speak it, Philip. You—your father's boy—give it a meaning no one else can. And, in any case, I care very little for names. Something which lies back of them is of real value to me."

"What is that?" asked Philip.

"It is my boy's love."

"Of course you have that," he answered, moved out of his usual shyness. "But why shouldn't you have the name, too?"

"What have I done to deserve it?"

"Everything. You have been from the first so kind, so good to me. I do not believe any boy ever found such a one before."

As she listened, she felt the mighty drawing of her mother's tenderness. She clasped her hands on the boy's shoulder, as long ago she had clasped them on Uncle Tom's.

"Philip," she said, solemnly, "I cannot tell what you have been to me—what a new blessedness I have found in loving you. How often I have looked at you, and thought of the mother whose gift you have been to me. She had to die in the midst of her youth and happiness to leave me papa. How shall I thank her sometime—somewhere—for leaving me you?"

He was still a moment, thinking his boy's thoughts. Then he broke out again: "I am so glad it was you, instead of somebody else. Mamma! mamma!"

He said over the sweet name half to himself, as though he loved the sound; and then he looked up archly in her eyes.

"I may call you that—may I not?" he said, drawing closer to her.

"Certainly, Philip, if you prefer that—if your heart, unsatisfied with any other, gives that to me. I shall wear the dearer name proudly, but I never want it simply because I am your father's wife."

"That is just how I do give it to you—from my heart."

When she heard him say that, she leaned forward, and the woman—not given to light caresses—and the shy boy kissed each other for the first time.

They sat still a little while, and then Philip spoke again: "Mamma, I do not believe you are like other women."

"Why, Philip?"

"I don't believe that many would feel toward me, think of me, as you do. Aunt Edith said that—"

"Step-mothers," suggested Lenox understand-

ing the boy's sudden pause, and looking into his eyes with a smile. "You and I do not care for words."

"Yes—step-mothers were horrid things. Do you know," he continued, remorsefully, "I didn't like you at all before I saw you. I dreaded the thought of coming home to find you here."

"But your feeling, it appears, has undergone a change. Perhaps Aunt Edith's would also when she came to know me."

"Of course it would. But that would not alter the truth about other women, you see."

"Philip," said Lenox, with a great seriousness in voice and face, "I cannot conceive how any woman could marry a man, as I have done your father, without remembering often and tenderly that other woman who had to leave him, to go away from all the sweetness of love and home into the darkness and silence of the grave. Her own pride and happiness—however great these might be—would be sure to remind her at times of all that another had to leave."

"I don't believe most of them would think of it in that way," said Philip, grave as a judge.

"The way she would think of it must depend largely, of course, upon the sort of woman she was. But the relations would be the same if she had married for any reason but the best one—married a man for his money, his home." She paused there a moment before she added: "I could not condemn her in that last case, knowing, as I do, what a hard, unkindly world it is to the women who have to struggle through it unaided and alone. But I am getting quite beyond your depth, Philip."

"There is one thing more, though," said Philip, holding to the subject with a persistency which proved how his young heart and brain were interested; "the children themselves might be horrid things, you know—selfish, and rude, and hateful. Do you think the woman could love that kind very much?"

Lenox had to suppress a laugh.

"It would be very hard certainly for her to do it. She would be a very rare woman who could always keep in mind whatever was fine and tender in her relation toward such children. But I thank God every day of my life, Philip, that you are your father's boy as well as your mother's gift to me."

That night at the table, Philip's father heard the boy for the first time call Lenox by the name they had agreed on. He gave no sign, however, by word or look, that he observed it.

But hours later, when Philip came to say good-night, he drew the boy to his heart and held him there, with a look and tone of unusual tenderness.

When they were alone together, Lenox said to her husband: "You heard what Philip called me to-night?"



"Yes, I heard, Lenox. I knew something had gone before that."

"Yes, there had."

She sat very still; she heard outside the soft sound of the summer winds among the leaves—the far-off voices of the waves on the beach.

At last Beresford leaned over and laid his hand on his wife's.

"Tell me, Lenox," he said.

And she told him, word for word, all that had passed between Philip and herself that day in the vine-draped arbor. When she had done, Beresford said to her in that peculiar tone which she had come to know was the sign with him of deep and manifold feeling: "What a woman you are, Lenox, my wife!"

And this time Lenox did not laugh and tell him there was a dreadful ambiguity in his remark.

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE autumn days had come again—days which have a divine tenderness, a deeper gladness, a more perfect loveliness, than all the fresh charm of the budding May, than all the bloom and pomp of the midsummer. Of the whole year's, these were Lenox Dare's favorite days. She often thought of what some author has said of them: "Then a wind blows from the region of stories!"

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were at their inland home now. In the twilight they walked together through their grounds.

They came at last to the grassy knoll on which stood the great horsechestnut, with its trunk of mighty girth and its far-spreading branches. It was close to the place where Beresford had first caught sight of Joe Hatch. The two stood still—the tall and noble man, the slender and beautiful woman—and looked off from that height on the panorama spread before them. They saw the green, far-reaching intervals, the meandering of the Charles, the distant spires and dark roofs of Boston, the gilded dome of the State House, the gray shimmering of the "noble island-spangled harbor," the whole glowing in the rosy enchantments of sunset.

The two gazed for awhile in silence. Then Beresford said: "I must go over to Jack Leith's to-morrow. The absurd fellow insists he must have another study of my head before we start for Briarswild."

Lenox glanced up at the fine head that towered over her. She at least did not wonder that Jack Leith and many other artists wanted to make a study of it.

In two days they were to start for Briarswild. It had been agreed on all sides that once a year they should visit the home of Lenox's girlhood. For the remainder of their lives they would be content with their inland home and their gray rookery by the sea.

While they were talking, they suddenly heard the thud of swift feet, the panting of breaths, and the next moment Philip and Joe Hatch rushed up a terrace on the right and threw themselves on the turf, breathless with fun and laughter.

The two had been having a race together. They talked about it in loud glee, and about the way Philip's bicycle had come in ahead in the match with the boys that afternoon on the old turnpike.

The loud, merry voices suddenly ceased. In a minute or two Philip asked: "What ails you, Joe?"

"What was I doing, Philip?" asked Joe, rising from a brown study. The last year had made a wonderful improvement in his whole speech and bearing.

"Nothing—that's just it. You've been as grave as an owl for the last three minutes."

Joe drew a long breath. Then he answered in an undertone: "I was a thinking what the boy in our class said to-day. He's a big boy. He said it on the play-ground. The others heard him."

"What did he say, Joe?"

"He said cubs that belonged to tramps shouldn't take on airs. They'd better take to the road, and to their old trade of beggin' and robbing hen-roosts."

Philip was on his feet in an instant. His cheeks were on fire; his eyes blazed; he clinched his fists.

"Did he dare to say that?" he cried. "The great hulking coward! I wish I had been there! I'd have gone in—I'd have fetched him one blow that would have laid him flat for awhile!"

The boy's slender figure seemed to expand and grow tall, as it towered over Joe's thick-set, short one.

"I tried to go at him," answered Joe; "but some of the others held me back. They said I was too little to fight him."

Philip laid his hand on Joe's shoulder. He was almost four years the older.

"Joe," he said, "if anybody calls you names, he will find out he must reckon with me."

Joe looked up with immense admiration in the flushed, young face. Then he added in a moment: "But what he called me was true, you know!" His lip quivered. He had been learning many things since that morning he first stood in Miss Dare's library.

"Joe," said Philip, very tenderly, "it can't make any difference to me—it never will!"

"Are you sure, Philip, when you get to be a man? I couldn't help it all, you know," he added, in a way that was indescribably pathetic.

"Do you think I could ever be such a sneak as to mind that?" exclaimed Philip, his cheeks blazing again. "Oh, don't I ache to fight it out with the bully who insulted you on the play-ground!"

Lenox turned to her husband with kindling eyes.

"There spoke my boy's father!" she whispered.

"There spoke his father's temper!" answered Beresford, half-proudly, half-tenderly. "Poor Phil! He will have many a hard tussle with that yet."

There was a little silence betwixt the boys. In a few moments Philip spoke again: "Joe, you know I shall go to Briarswild with papa and mamma?"

"Yes."

"When I am gone you may ride my bicycle every day."

"Your bicycle—every day—Philip," replied Joe, in a slow way, as though he found it hard to realize the words.

"Yes; just as though it were your own!"

Joe gave a yell; then turned a somersault on the turf. That was a slight relief from a burden of bliss almost too great for the small soul and body to bear—a bliss that quite swallowed up all the talk on the play-ground that day.

A little later, restless as two healthy young animals, the two had gone in search of Robert and the gray squirrels he had brought in from the woods that morning.

In less than half an hour Philip returned by himself. As he went up to the house he caught sight of the pair under the horsechestnut. He supposed they had just come out. He joined them at once.

"Mamma," he said, "are we really going to Briarswild, day after to-morrow?"

"If nothing happens, Philip."

"You promised me I should ride Dainty after we got there."

"As often as you like. Dainty is an old veteran now, but I think she can carry you over the hills almost as fleetly as she carried me fifteen years ago."

"You won't be a heavy weight for any quadruped's back, Phil?" said Beresford, with a laugh, as he looked on the boy's slight, lithe figure.

When Philip disappeared, his father said to Lenox: "The dews are beginning to fall. We had better go in," and he gave her his arm.

In the growing twilight they went up toward the house. It was far too lovely to go in-doors, and they sat down in the rocking-chairs on the piazza.

The glory of the sunset, the stillness and beauty of the falling night, the talk between the boys on the lawn had stirred the hearts of the man and woman. After a little while, Lenox turned to her husband, and said, with an unusual solemn tenderness in her voice: "There have been times in my life when death seemed the pleasantest, the most welcome thing in the world to me! Now it is the only thing I dread, because when that comes we must leave each other!"

"When you remember that, Lenox," Beresford answered, "remember also the

'Other lights, in other worlds, God willing!'

Do you suppose we shall have all—have the *best* of each other, even, in this world?"

There was no need of answering that.

They sat a long while without speaking. The twilight faded. The stars followed one another into the far blue, until the whole sky was alive with their beauty. Lenox began to feel something in the silence. She waited for her husband to speak. At last he leaned forward.

"Lenox, my wife!" he said.

"Yes, Robert."

"I think I am going to paint a picture—that that you will not be ashamed of."

"Robert!"

That was all she said.

But he saw her eyes, dilated with joy and triumph, shining on him through the brown darkness; and he knew why her speech failed her.

"After all, it will be *your* picture," he said.

"I never should have done it without you!"

But she did not ask him what the picture would be, and he did not tell her.

It was like her, in an hour like this, to think of others. When she spoke it was of them, rather than of herself.

"There are so many lives, burdened, harassed, incomplete—so many darkened by poverty, saddened by disappointment, so many hearts that ache with loneliness and silence, and hope deferred that my own lot seems almost a reproach to me. I ask myself what *I* have done to deserve such bliss!"

"There is not a day of my life, Lenox," answered her husband, "that I do not ask myself the same question?"

"And yet," she resumed, in a moment, "there is one word I should like to send to all these hearts that ache—to all these burdened, darkened lives! I should like to whisper it to all who are haunted by ghosts of Might-Have-Beens, to all who, bound together have learned too late their mistake—send it to all for whom the days are heavy, the night-watches long and weary! And if this word, and my speaking it, could bring to all these some fresh courage, and patience, and hope, I think I could go out from the happiness of this perfect hour—go away—even from you, Robert—into the darkness and silence of the grave, and trust God for our next meeting!"

"What should the word be, Lenox?"

"Wait!"

Robert Beresford was silent a moment. Then he rose. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. The look of his noblest mood was on his face, as his gaze went off to the far summer stars.

"I see," he said. "And the longest waiting, the hardest, the most patient, shall seem, at the last, 'LIKE A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH!'"

THE END.

## Mother's' Department.

### WORTH MAKING A MAN OF.

"MAMMA, don't you think I am worth making a man of, when I am all the time busy about something?" asked little Paul, looking up from the block-house he was building.

How the question thrilled me, and how great seemed my responsibility! Laying aside my book, I took him into my lap and talked long and earnestly with him, the while my heart was uplifted in silent prayer that God might guide and strengthen me, and teach me ever to work in the best way. Without His help, I felt I should not dare attempt so mighty a work.

"Worth making a man of!" How truly the little one had spoken! "Out of the mouth of babes proceedeth wisdom," thought I, and all day long I pondered the words in my heart, thinking, not alone of him, but of each little soul sent from Paradise to bless and brighten our earth-life. There is none among them all but is worth making a man of. This is the birthright of each one, even of the least, and no parent should take it from them. Pure and spotless they come to us, asking, by their very innocence and dependence, that we make men of them; but, oh, how often we fail! How often we give them only a "mess of pottage," and what bitter sorrow comes back to us! We sow the wind but to reap the whirlwind, and then, in unthinking ignorance, wonder why it is so, and dare to murmur against God for what we ourselves have done.

Far, far too lightly are the duties and responsibilities of parenthood assumed. All too seldom do we wait to think of what the inheritance—physical, mental or moral—of the child will be, or realize our own great work in the making or marring of a human life. Luck, chance, fate or God's work, we call it when, one after another, children come into the world, and all absorbed in the care of the body, we let them stumble along, gathering what little they may of knowledge and goodness. If, in other years, they bring shame and sorrow upon us, we say again, "it is fate," or, "it is God," according to the bent of our mind, and do not see how much of it is our own work, do not realize how much of the shame and sorrow might have been averted had we ever striven as we ought to make men of them. It is a bitter wrong to the child to bring it into the world if one is not willing to do the very best in his or her power for its well-being, and to remember the soul has needs as urgent as the body's which we must meet and supply. It is for us to guide the little feet into paths of truth and uprightness, or to see them walking, step by step, down the dark ways of sin and wretchedness. What though we give the best years of our life, our strength and talent to the work? What though it involves the giving up of self, of ease and pleasure which, but for this high duty, we might have had? What though there are anxious days and sleepless nights? Is not that for which we work well worth every sacrifice and toil—well worth all that we can give? It is for manhood, for womanhood we are working. It is to see our children one day take their places in

the world's broad arena, with armor so firmly girded that the enemy's dart shall not prevail against them. Can we be too vigilant and watchful, when all around the feet of the young and innocent are spread snares and pitfalls to lure them to dishonor and death? The haunts of sin and iniquity are made alluring and attractive; vice wears the garb of virtue; fair flowers cover the quicksands; and so easy and gradual is the descent, that, almost before one is aware, the steps are tending downward, they are far below the line of virtue. Every step downward makes the next one easier to take and the return more difficult.

Because the restless mind and hands must have some employment, because, like little Paul, "they are all the time busy about something," it should be our earnest study to make that something such as shall leave no stain upon the pure soul. If some good work be not provided, mischief will surely follow.

The girls and boys of to-day are the men and women of the morrow, the fathers and mothers of coming generations. How are we fitting them for their important places and sacred trusts? Are we teaching them that there is honor and happiness only in pure living? Is our example such that it gives emphasis to our precepts, or are words and deeds at variance? Do we talk one thing and live another? Do we preach honesty and practice dishonesty? Do we teach truthfulness and live in deceit and hypocrisy? Are we trying to be in our daily walk and conversation just what we wish them to be? If not, how vain and idle are our teachings; for our deeds will be remembered long after our words are forgotten. If, in all honesty, we, by word and deed, do the best we can for our little ones, we may leave the result with God. He will see to it that we toil not in vain, and for the seed we sow will give an abundant harvest.

How often when a child is called to some peculiar work, the parents use every energy to fit him to meet the new duties nobly and well. They think nothing of self-denial then, but gladly endure privations and hardships that the child may win honor and renown. What if it be to the office of true manhood he is called? Is it such a common thing to be a man that no effort need be made to attain true excellence there? Many wear the garb of manhood, but few, comparatively, are really men. Does not much of the blame for this lie at the parents' door? Not all; for, though no words can measure the influence of the father or mother, the child has much to do for himself, and many things most potent for good or evil enter the life over which they have no control.

Teach the child that, whatever else of honor or greatness the years may bring, none can exceed or compare with true manliness. Though other offices may be given, this is high over all, and should permeate all, giving out light, warmth and gladness, calling new, glad life out of dark places, even as the sun's rays are to-day calling bright leaves and flowers from the dark world. Teach him so to train and educate himself that his strength shall not fail in the day of need. Teach him "to do justly, to love mercy and to walk

humbly with the Lord," wherever his way may tend. Teach him the beauty and sacredness of life everywhere, and that no future good comes through the neglect of present duty. Let him know that only by being true and manly in each to-day can the morrows be made bright and fruitful; that *now* holds ever the golden opportunity which, once passed, can never be recalled. Teach him that in the life here he is laying the foundation of life hereafter. Help him to build his house upon the rock.

O mothers! let some of the useless things, some of the ruffling, tucking and braiding, some of the fashionable calls and gatherings, some of the latest novels go, while you make men of your sons. What though your neighbor's boy be dressed a

little finer than yours? That is of no consequence; but it is of great consequence whether her boy be purer or better than yours. No matter if you cannot tell him who was at the last party at Mrs. Shoddy's, or the names and characteristics of the heroes and heroines in Mrs. Southworth's new fiction, so you can tell him of the real heroes and heroines in life's battle, of the Washingtons and Lincolns, who made noble presidents only because they were noble men. Imbue them with the spirit of that noble sentiment from the lips of one to whom, despite his faults and errors, the world is much indebted: "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion:" for this is the religion of the Father, and there is safety only as we follow Him. EARNEST.

## The Home Circle.

### TEA-TABLE TALK.

"**E**XREMES are evils," we used to write in the old-time copy-book. And it is a motto worthy to be remembered, both by old and young housekeepers.

"I will tell you what she will have for tea," said a lady who loved good eating, to her companion, as they were going to spend a social afternoon with a lady of my acquaintance. "Stale bread and butter, tea, dry cookies and one kind of preserves! See if I am not right," she added.

It is but fair to state that the visitors were happily disappointed. Delicate biscuit, cake, two kinds of preserves, etc.—quite proving her a false prophet.

But if one should strive to avoid the thoughtless sameness which might invite criticism, not the less is the foolish ambition which oftener sins in the other extreme to be guarded against.

I have more than once sat down to a table where the superabundance of dishes were positively embarrassing. I recall now one occasion where four kinds of cake, as many varieties of preserved fruit, two or three kinds of pie, pickles, cheese, together with more substantial accessories, made up a repast, which, although good in each separate detail, one had need of the digestion of an ostrich to escape from harm, especially at so late an hour in the day as the five o'clock country tea, after a hearty dinner at noon, as the custom is.

There are some essentials which no good housekeeper ever neglects. Given a spotless cloth, clear glass, shining knives and spoons, and it will not matter how cheap the "tea-set," how simple the viands. Nay, too great a profusion is in the worst of taste. It argues a dearth of other means of entertainment, as well as shows a disposition to vulgar ostentation.

Do we not all recall, with unfading delight, the days marked with a white stone (alas, they are so few!), when we sat at tables where such sweet, simple hospitality was dispensed we quite forgot to note the cheer? Perchance 'twas only bread and "water from the spring," but we supped on nectar and ambrosia! The hostess may have been clad in a simple print, tasteful and clean; the host had donned his linen coat in honor of our presence,

but we scarcely saw but that one wore broadcloth and the other silk and laces. What did they say? Nothing very profound. But in what a kindly spirit was each word spoken! How flavored was the food with the graciousness of that true politeness which envieth not, revileth not, "in honor prefereth one another."

Emerson wisely tells us to let something besides the appointments of house or table, costly food and raiment, attract guests to enjoy your hospitality. Nor need those whom circumstances have deprived of the means of culture despair.

A little reading each day, if possible, will not only prove a rest, but, if wisely chosen and persevered in, it will not only cultivate a taste therefor, but one will amass a much larger amount of solid information than at first thought seems possible. And the genuine, eager desire for improvement will both *make* and *take* the time. Ah! there, my sisters, lies the secret. Household duties are engrossing enough in any case, but we must not allow them to absorb our very selves. We have a right to a portion of each day for self-improvement, and, if we are wise, will use it.

Nor should we forget those who are unable to return our hospitality. One always numbers those among her acquaintances who are scarcely ever met in society, because they are debarred from returning the entertainment. Do not forget them. A seat at your table, care and trouble forgotten for one brief hour, may do more than you imagine to lighten their load.

The poor widow, the dependent old maid, the tired seamstress, not to mention others, are in all communities. And oftentimes it happens that, having seen "better days," or by natural gift of intellect, these neglected sisters are the peers, possibly superiors, of their favored entertainers.

To give one a happy hour is a priceless gift, and can never be lost. "But some people are so disagreeable," you say. True! There are people who are so confirmed in ill-nature or vulgarity, that their very presence is an annoyance. I could not ask you to bring such people into your family circle. "You cannot touch pitch without defilement." And one hour of envious, malicious gossip, or coarse, vulgar talk, may create a taste in your young son or daughter which it will require



the work of months to eradicate. It is a good rule to shun such people, unless, indeed, you can do them more good than they can do you harm!

But to return to our tea-table. A celebrated painter, when asked with what he mixed his paints to produce certain effects, replied laconically: "Brains!" And so I would say to all young housekeepers. Your food will be neither palatable nor wholesome unless mixed with "brains." Your table, laden with the costliest service, filled with the richest food, will fail to please a refined and cultured taste, unless you have given intelligent care, taste and thought to make the meal something *more than food to be eaten.*

And be not over-solicitous to please only the transient guest. Surely the dear ones of your own household, to whom you are the life of home, deserve as much from your hands as a passing stranger, who may forget you in an hour.

Labor, which preserves or increases the health of your family, brings its own reward, and should never be despised. Let your tea-table be a refined circle, to which your family and guests alike will gather, not only for bodily sustenance but for a feast of the soul.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

Daintiest robes that fingers can fashion,  
Shimmer, and sheen, and filmiest lace,  
Draped and adorned with ribbon and blossom,  
Marvels of beauty, brightness and grace.

Rooms in the attic—airs purer perchance,  
Yet she thinks of the winter with dread;  
Even stray sunbeams won't warm her fingers,  
Sewing and sewing, earning her bread.

Rooms in the cellar—warmer and cheaper;  
What though the damp may whiten her face!  
Ever anon she stirreth the cradle—  
Better the damp for weaving the lace.

Attic or cellar—sewing on ever,  
Stitches keep time to throbs of her heart;  
Seams are but measures of fancies unwritten,  
Dreams of a life she cannot have part.

Daintiest robes that money can purchase,  
Shimmer, and sheen, and filmiest lace,  
Wearing the robe, in time to the music  
Airily dancing, joy in her face.

Halls all aglow with fashion and splendor,  
Eagerly drinking wine of delight,  
Merrily list'ning music and pleasure,  
Hearing no "voice of wolves in the night!"

Into those halls can sorrow be welcome?  
Will the bright banquet ever lose zest?  
Lavish the cheer—wealth barreth the entrance;  
Can death unbidden e'er come as a guest?

Only the difference 'tween toil and leisure,  
Tables well-spread and poverty's fare,  
Strange if life weareth two different faces!  
Saddest of masks when tables are bare!

Maker and wearer, widely asunder,  
Laces and silks such magic possess!  
Once in their lives on common ground meeting,  
Only this difference—*owning the dress!*

MARGARET STEWART SIBLEY.

#### WHAT CHATTY THINKS.

IN March a poor woman wrote such a kind, good letter to me, or to us, I told the girls, a letter that appealed to my sympathy, though the dear writer never thought of such a thing. We presume that hundreds of women would say the same words if they ever talked through their fingers with their pens. Oh, we just put our heads together and planned, and how we did pity them!

The woman's letter is on the desk before us now, she says:

"DEAR AUNT CHATTY: Can't you or your girls tell me what I need in the way of a wrap? In the place where I live nobody wears a shawl hardly, and though I am not very proud, I don't like to go round in an old one, when the other women, in jackets, and coats, and wraps, do look so fresh, and neat, and bright, and that seems to make my poor old shawl cling all the closer to my shoulders and waist. I am very thin, and you know a shawl on a thin, gaunt woman is positively ugly, and gives her such a hang-dog look when she don't feel that way at all. I could not afford a coat last winter, they cost so much, and then they would not be serviceable either, only in the very coldest weather. A neighbor, Dr. Delameter's wife, offers to sell hers to me for ten dollars, but I don't want it and I cannot spare the money. Well, what do you wear yourself, auntie, tell me; I am sure what you wear would suit me. Some woman in Arthur—I don't remember who she was now—fairly moaned out once: 'Oh, I wish clothes grew on bushes or vines so we could work and raise them like we do fruits and berries!' No wonder some of us poor working women never appear well, never look our best, how can we? The last sacque I had was made by a poor widow who needed some cloth for her children and wanted to do some sewing to pay for it. I was very busy, and asked her if she could fit and make sacques and basques. She said she could. The goods was beautiful, black with a raised dot in it. Well, that sacque fits around the neck, and from there it begins to flare out, and we have a great deal of fun over 'the sailor' as we call it. I wear it for the same reason that the man took his medicine, 'because it costed money.' I don't know as I could better the cut of it if I were to undertake it. But I feel very green and foolish in it, especially when I am in the company of well-dressed women. I do suppose though that I am awkward and ungraceful, and perhaps would not appear well in pretty clothes if I had them. Don't answer me through the magazine; I cannot wait so long for it, and then I would be ashamed to get into the papers with my droll, complaining request. What would all those nice ladies think of me, a great lunny of a woman writing to you for such information when I ought to know that much myself!

"Lovingly yours, ———"

We answered her immediately, but for fear other women are in the same quandary we will not hesitate to reply aloud through the magazine; some one may be glad of our suggestions; who knows?

To begin, we think the prevailing styles for all kinds of wraps were never so beautiful, and convenient, and so accommodating to everybody's



means, as they are at this time. Why, a woman can devise something becoming out of whatever material she may happen to have in her house! We were never more surprised at any little bit of handiwork than we were the other day when the music teacher called to see us. She boarded with us when she was a student, and she never comes to Mill-wood without staying a night with us. She said, as she held up a pretty cashmere dolman: "Do you remember the cashmere sacque that I wore here, trimmed with lace about the bottom and the sleeves? Well, this is the same sacque under a new name."

Then she told us how it came about. She is poor and has to manage closely to make a living and appear well, and when the sacque became a little old-fashioned, she studied and studied how to plan a newer, and better, and more modern wrap out of it, and finally she wrought out the problem. She looked about in magazines, and fashion-plates, and shop windows until she saw a style that suited her means. She sent off to the city and ordered a pattern she liked, ripped the sleeves out of the sacque, bought a piece of goods to match, and made a dolman with no fitting or cutting away. The wings were made of the new cloth, set on outside, the usual way, and the arm places left just as they were when the sleeves were ripped out. It was lined throughout with muslin to make it set well. The good lace trimming was used in planning some pretty adornment for her neck. The dolman was trimmed with bands of lustrous black silk, and made one of the most beautiful articles of apparel in Blanche's wardrobe. We said then that we would make a note of this successful device, just for the benefit of the HOME girls.

Our own best wrap is almost like this one. It is made the same style, pretty nearly, of the best quality of black cashmere, lined and trimmed with brocaded silk about three inches in width, a collar of the same. In buying this kind of cashmere hold it up to the light, and look across it lest you get a shade of blue-black, which in time will not look so well. Not much goods is required in making this wrap; about four yards single width, and two yards double width. *Passenterie* is the prettiest trimming. Esther failed to get the kind she wanted, but she made a charming substitute by purchasing a narrower quality, and placing the two straight edges together. Old fine shawls will cut to a good advantage in working them up into dolmans, and though we would not encourage wastefulness or undue extravagance, we think, with the woman, that a fine, soft shawl does give the wearer a slinking, "poor-whiter" appearance. They fall so closely, and fit the outlines of the form so beggarly, that one looks very woe-begone in them.

It does not pay for one in very moderate circumstances to invest much in a coat or cloak. Unless they are very good, and well-made, and well-fitting, they do not look well. Two of my girls got new coats last winter, but they were no make-believes, they showed honestly what they were—a good quality of damassee cloth at one dollar a yard. I had worked enough with my dear husband to know how to fit and make such wear, so that they did not cost the girls much. They were trimmed with silk stitched on, pockets and cuffs trimmed the same way. A cape made in the dolman fashion

of a few years ago is very pretty if handsomely trimmed, say with a band of silk set on a little above the edge, another band down the back ending where the bow is placed, fringe or gimp; or, if the fringe is not very wide, the gimp set at the edge of it will give it an appearance of greater width, and quite a look of elegance. You would be surprised at this necessary and dressy article of wear when finished by the hands of an ingenious, skillful, "handy" woman. Try it; look up an old shawl—cashmere, thibet or any of the old kinds; or, take the best back breadths of a fine old black dress; look up all the odds and ends in your "box of black things," bits of choice silk, scraps of ribbon, gimp, bead trimming, gimp buttons, cord, tassels, chenille, valour, and put them into the hands of, not the woman who can "cook a meal out of nothing," but the other woman, she who can "make something out of nothing." Blessed are they among women; we wish their number was multiplied by thousands! We speak from experience. A little mouse of a milliner once got into our box of black things—everything fine goes into that box—and with a very trifling expense she contrived a dolman that delighted us, and for years made us appear genteel and dressed up, even if it was worn over a dotted cambric or a brown-and-white gingham wrapper.

The women in the country and country villages expend too much on the things "like other women wear." We forget that because a garment of one fashion is most charming on the little wren of a music teacher, that it would not become us, plump, and dumpy, and dimpled; or tall, and graceful, and willowy; or thin, and yellow, and stoop-shouldered. What a mistake we make! Because somebody says delicate blue is becoming to a blonde, it does not mean that the rage for blue should sweep over our land as it has done, and every girl forthwith call herself a blonde and wear a blue bow behind in her braid, another back of her ear, another above her forehead, and a bow of it at her throat, and a hint of it running daintily in and out of the *ruche* about her neck.

Our eyes tired of it only yesterday at a concert. Thin girls, with dubious complexions, whitish eyebrows, whitish eyelashes and the fine hair on the temples, the little fluffy fringe that framed in the face, the color of tow, dead tow—and all, old and young, grave and gay, wore that trying shade of blue. How we did long to see one of them wearing black velvet instead, with a mingling of beautiful rose-pink! How it would have lighted up the tallowy, no-color of face, hair, eyebrows and lashes, the dead, dreary, flaxey braids and frizzes, and the curls that lay as dead as the last year's leaves in the woodland hollows. A bright color would have carried animation with it.

An ulster made of linen or ladies' flannel is useful and in good taste, and can be worn frequently when any other wrap would not be in place. The latter goods, of any shade desired, can be obtained at the large wholesale stores in our cities, and can be safely sent by mail, or express, if preferred. We find it really easier and better to send to these large stores for samples, then select and have goods forwarded, than to buy a substitute for something that we don't want, and are not suited with. It saves time, and travel, and worry, and the annoyance of impertinent clerks, and snobs, and giggling shop-girls.

A city lady of culture would be regarded as exceedingly plain in her attire in some country neighborhoods. She would not expend one-tenth the thought on it that her country cousin would on hers.

We did not feel over-much flattered one time when we sent to an aunt in the city for a hat. We wanted a pretty one and a good one, plain and yet in good taste. Our fingers could hardly wait to slip the cord off the box when it came. We opened it, hoping and yet fearing. It was a guy of a hat, the shape of nothing in the heavens or on the earth—a mass of bows, and loops, and feathers, and flowers, and fringes, and dangles; and no less than nine distinct and glaring colors—blue beside yellow, green mingled with violet, brick-red with scarlet, pink with carmine, and black with brown. It threw the face into prominence, and the jutting point of trimming in front made the nose assume undue proportions, while the ears fairly drew away from the head. We returned it with regrets and compliments, and our aunt in reply said our neighbor, Mrs. —, helped her select it. Her own choice was one all black, with a jet ornament; but the neighbor said they didn't wear black out in the country where she lived only when some of their kin died.

We could have shaken our kind neighbor for her interference; but we let it pass, and when Esther went home she brought us a fine black straw of her own selection, and trimmed it under our supervision.

But how we wander from the woman's letter! The blessed girl! She feels awkward, does she? Nonsense! Don't ever, ever think of such a thing. It is not so. If a woman keeps the thought before her all the time that she is awkward, too tall, ungainly, that her gait is unseemly, or any of these things, in time she will become so. If she wears something about her to cover her arms and give her hands something to do, if she carries a bouquet, fan, parasol, book, or anything, endeavoring to make herself feel unconscious, she will never arrive at that point. It is a habit that must not be fostered, or met half way, or yielded to. It can be overcome like any other bad habit. Observe how the best bred lady of your acquaintance departs herself; see how she places her feet when she sits down, how she carries her hands, how she greets her friends, how she enters and leaves a room, how she conducts herself in church, how she behaves at a lecture or concert, especially when you are quite sure that the performance does not accord with her ideas of propriety. You will learn more in this way, quietly and unobserved, too, than from any other avenue that could be open to you, save that of mingling in the society of the educated and the cultured. Books are good, but they do not teach us in a way that will help us much, though they are our friends.

We hold that if the heart is right, if we act from good and kind motives, loving our race and glad to do good to all, leading correct, and pure, and upright, active Christian lives, we cannot be awkward, or very homely or unlovely. We must be somewhat graceful, in some way beautiful, and attractive, and winsome, and people must love and respect us. It cannot be otherwise. It is a contradiction. The face, the one window for the out-looking soul, must wear something beautiful—eyes, or mouth, or glowing countenance; or a serene ex-

pression that has a language understood; or a sweet peace that settles down upon the white brow and temples; or, lastly, the soft, kind, tender, musical voice. So we would vote down the idea of awkwardness in a good woman or a good man.

We hope we've said something that will suggest to the woman the kind of a wrap she wants; and yet, as an old lady said when we gave her a recipe for ginger-cakes, "it's a heap easier writ than understood." We wish her dolman would suit her as well as ours pleases us; and if we were not a thousand miles to the eastward from her, we would be glad to fit hers for her, and take our pay in hearing her husband say: "My eyes, Melinda, what a pretty woman you are!"

She spoke of her hands not suiting the make of any kid glove that she had ever tried to wear. Lisle thread gloves are in good taste at nearly all times. Girls are so slow to learn this. They will persist in wearing all colors of kid gloves, morning, noon and night, on all occasions, even in the cars, where the coal-dust settles like grime on the window-sills, and is caught up by wearing-apparel, which it damages beyond repair.

But the average American woman is slow to learn; she is dull in seeing that which is so plain that he who runneth may read. For best occasions, if her hands don't incline to wear kid, silk gloves will be found an admirable substitute; they yield with every motion, and settle neatly to the shape of the hands. Silk lace of the proper color can be felled slightly and put about the wrists of such gloves.

CHATTY BROOKS.

### "ONE SHALL BE TAKEN."

WE all remember the little talk we had with Lichen in early spring. How she told us about her birds, then, in imagination, took us visiting, and finally, before kissing us good-bye, sang a stanza or two from one of the dearest of dear old hymns—"Jerusalem the Golden."

This was in March. That stormy, young month blustered out soon after. April with rain-wet cheeks and fruity breath stepped in, then came May, June. There was no rift in the season's chain. Violets peeped from under their hooded leaves, pink and white blossom-clouds hung on the orchard boughs, red roses blushed in yellow sunshine, sculptured lilies drooped beneath evening dews, waters murmured, soft rains refreshed the earth, the birds came back to last year's nests and reared their broods anew, while up and down the wide earth there was no dimness on its beauty, no chord of all its harmonies silent. No, there has been no rift in the season's chain. Nature never has occasion to lament a loss. Counting her fragrant rosary she finds no broken link through all its golden length. Only over frail humanity is chanted the sad refrain:

"Ye are changed, ye are changed! and I see not here  
All whom I saw in the vanished year."

Out of the glare of the midday sun into our shady parlor I would ask you to come, dear members of the "Home Circle." There is something I want to tell you, and if my little talk proves less cheery than Lichen's, you will find it, at the close, pointing up the same bright way—toward Jerusalem the Golden.

Here where my pink and white, and purple and

crimson fuchsia-bells droop in the darksome coolness, and where vine-shadows flicker over the floor, I would have you gather around me and listen to a story so common—oh, so common! Your eyes will become dewy because you will recognize it as your story, too. If not already told on your life-page you know that soon or late it is to be written there. It begins with and ends with: "One shall be taken."

Last October we were called as a family to mourn the death of our dear Lottie. Our sweet sister, whose loving influence was felt through all our lives, and whose gentle presence and active goodness were so a part of them, we miss her in every way, and at every turn. After a long and painful illness, meekly, cheerfully borne, she found rest in the arms of that Saviour whom she had come to love and trust so entirely. Borne on the wings of prayer her pure spirit entered the Pearly Gate to go out no more forever.

All through the spring and summer of '79 our sister lingered, apparently gathering strength and healing from the budding and blossoming of her favorite flowers. She returned refreshed and invigorated from her short rides, and one bright day even went so far as to walk around the garden without experiencing any great fatigue. Our hopes for her ultimate recovery were short-lived, however. She faded with the fading of the flowers. The book of her earthly existence closed with the falling leaves.

Toward the close of one of autumn's sweetest days we laid in the grave the

"Worn-out fetter that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away."

Dead leaves rustled under foot, night's shadows were creeping around us, but in the west burned the pure crimsons and ambers of a cloudless sunset sky, while above this sea of color swung the young moon's silver bow, and glittered one star, seeming just ready to drop with its weight of glory.

In compliance with her dying request,

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,"

was sung over her grave. As the tender, pathetic words floated out on the evening air, they seemed but the echo of our hearts—not hers. Temptation and danger lurked along our path, for her life's taper had burned out; she slept sweetly on the breast of her Saviour, to wake in His arms on that morning whose sun shall no more go down.

You all remember how there came to three of the disciples one blessed hour when they saw the brightness of the upper glory, and walked with the Master and with angels. These radiant beings departed, the darkness and chill of night descended, Jesus alone was with them. This is an experience with which many of us are familiar. The voice out of the cloud calls those whom we would fain detain; the rapt face, the bright form vanishes, but blessed are we if we see Jesus near. He will not leave any comfortless.

Some one has said that as we walk the street we do not feel very far from one who is just on the other side of him whose arm is linked with ours. So, continues this eloquent thinker, as we go through the world, mourning friends, there is only One between us and the beloved, and that One is Christ.

"Nor murmur we to-day

That He who gave should claim His own again;  
Long from her native Heaven she could not stay.  
The servant goes—the Master will remain."

"One shall be taken." Yes, such loss is the common lot. Yet none who are left bending under the cares and responsibilities of life—alone at the grinding—need feel solitary. Our Saviour has said: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Even unto the end! Then, the "place prepared." The "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
There is the throne of David,  
And there, from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast."

MADGE CARROL.

## FROM MY CORNER.

No. 49.

"Those hours are not lost that are spent in cementing affection;  
For a friend is above gold, precious as the stores of the mind."  
TUFTER.

I COME to-day to lay a flower upon the shrine of friendship. What earthly altar more pure to carry our gifts to? What feeling of the affections gives more lasting and satisfactory pleasure? Love has its pains and fears, its changes from bliss to torture. Family affection is natural, and a matter of course, because we are bound by ties of blood; yet *sometimes*, between those who are linked in this way, there is so little that is congenial, or so much that is antagonistic, that the bond is broken, and they are severed more widely than strangers.

But true friendship, built upon mutual merit and congeniality, is a warm and steady flame, that burns without consuming, and gives some of the purest happiness earth can know. To feel that one is drawn to us, simply by the qualities they see in us to love or admire, or by kindred tastes or sympathies; and then to find them gathering us closely into their heart, giving us of its best treasures, while we give the same in return; cheering and strengthening us with their companionship, brightening our lives in the many little ways by which such affection shows itself, perhaps giving us needed counsel in some extremity, or standing by us in some great crisis—this is pure, heart-warming happiness. Some of the greatest examples of strong affection recorded in the annals of time, are friendships which have existed between souls united in such a manner. As long ago as the days of the Hebrew kings, it is said in the Bible that Jonathan loved David "with a love passing that of women." What wondrous love must that have been, which could have surpassed, or even equaled the depth of devotion which some women give, wholly, self-abnegatingly, almost adoringly.

In later times, the friendship of Damon and Pythias made them so notable that the world quotes them yet as examples. And many other examples we have of its power and beauty among

both men and women. I have had the good fortune, or I might say, blessing, during the past winter, of forming two of the most delightful friendships of my life, with two of the loveliest of women. They came to spend the cold weather in this milder climate than their own, and boarded in our near neighborhood. The acquaintanceship made soon after their arrival, quickly ripened into warm affection, in our almost daily meetings. One was so tender and motherly in her ways, it was a pleasure just to sit beside her and see the love-light in her eyes, and feel the warm pressure of her hand. The other, so sweet and bright in her playful moods, and so warmly affectionate with all she loved. Two sisters, of whom it was hard to tell which one was most to be admired; and who won friends wherever they went. Their lives have been filled with varied experience, and their blessings and trials have yielded rich fruit to beautify their later years. They told me many pleasant stories of the outer world where they have traveled. One of them has spent several winters in the Bermudas, and she told me much of that delightful clime, the beauty of its scenery, its almost tropical verdure, its handsome villas and gay cosmopolitan society. It was she who gave me the little sprig of cedar from Lebanon, which I placed in my wreath—brought to her by a young friend, who, with her husband, spent some of the first months after their marriage in traveling through that land of sacred story. Together they stood upon the brow of Olivet, and looked into the garden of Gethsemane, and sat in the cottages of Bethany, talking over the old story of the two sisters who once entertained the Divine Guest there. They paused on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and gazed across those waters whose tumult was once hushed by the utterance of three words from Omnipotent lips. They walked the streets of Nazareth, over the ground which was trod by those sacred feet, from the period of infancy to that of manhood, and wondered sadly at the forlorn and desolate aspect of many of those spots which are hallowed to us as the scenes of our great Master's work and life on earth. They gathered little mementos here and there—leaves and flowers, pebbles and bits of rock, to treasure in memory of these places, and to bring to their

friends. The branch of cedar from which the bit I have was broken, was given them by a pilgrim whom they met with—a sort of religious devotee, who lived among the mountains of Lebanon, and made a yearly pilgrimage to Jerusalem at the season of the crucifixion.

In such talks as these, many an hour of the winter days was spent, while fingers were busy with knitting and crochet-needles. Sometimes, when the skies were dark, and a cold mist was falling, and the day looked long and gloomy in prospect, these friends would come in unexpectedly, and brighten every one with their cheeriness.

But the winter days passed, the early spring flew rapidly after, and other friends and places called these dear companions away from us, and when May brought warmer airs over all the land, they went back to their far, northern homes, leaving such a vacant spot, which can be only partly filled with the sweet memories of their visit, because of the pain which comes with the thought that I will probably never see them again. Yet there is a bright hope even then; that in the life to come, where those that are congenial must meet in happy re-union, those friendships will be renewed and perfected. Pollock speaks beautifully on this subject where he fancies the ancient bard of earth, transferred to Heaven, and relating to others there his remembrance of earthly friendships, and the pleasure of seeing them continued in the heavenly sphere:

"Nor unremembered is the hour when friends  
Met; friends but few on earth, and therefore dear;  
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;  
Yet always sought.  
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair  
Was seen beneath the sun; but naught was seen  
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair,  
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen  
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,  
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;  
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;  
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.

"And many friendships in the days of Time  
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still."

LICHEN.

## Art at Home.

**ART IN THE NURSERY.**—We would most earnestly call the attention of our readers to the subject of art in the nursery. Putting aside toys and books for the present, there is still much scope for pictures on the walls. Children study such things much more than some people suppose. They remember them long afterward; and many a child looks back to the picture which hung over his bed years and years after other and better pictures might have been expected to drive it out of his head. The importance of supplying children with examples of good art cannot be insisted upon too much. Their taste may be warped by some piece of poor design, or some gaudy, inharmonious coloring. It would be much better to tack on the walls some good wood-cuts or engraving, copies of pictures that will always be famous though the

painter shall have long since ceased to hold his brush. It will indeed be well for us to decorate the walls of the nursery and school-room with prints whose teachings will not have to be unlearned if possible in after-life.

**BED-ROOM DECORATION.**—We would suggest a few hints on bed-room decoration, quite within the scope of ordinary means, and cut the following from the *Art Interchange*, which will cover the ground most satisfactorily:

A beautiful counterpane may be made by embroidering groups of flowers in crewels upon squares of linen, then joining them by an insertion of coarse linen lace between each square. The border of the lace insertion should be finished with a narrow band of the linen, worked with some run-

AN  
CREW  
worked  
colored  
yellow  
leaves



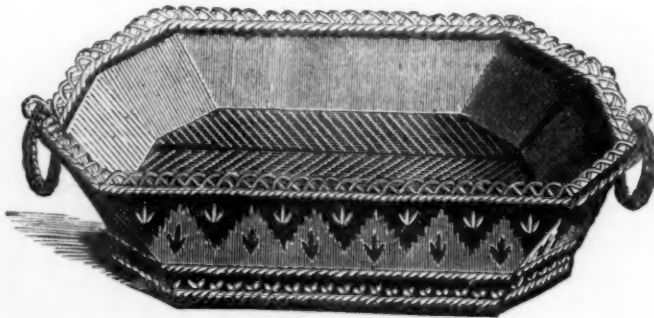
ning vine pattern, and edged with lace. Pillow-"shams" to match may have a single square of embroidered linen in the centre, the rest made with alternate bands of linen, and with lace insertions. A pretty and convenient little dressing-table may be made by covering a pine table with pink silesia, and putting over that a flounce of fine cheese-cloth worked with sprays of wild roses in pink crewel, and edged with linen lace. The little mahogany dressing-glasses with two drawers underneath, and with brass mountings, seem especially suitable for use in this connection. These may be set upon a linen strip, or scarf, crossing the dressing-table, and fringed, hem-stitched into squares, and ornamented with detached roses with leaves and buds, embroidered like the flounce. Hanging tent-wise above the mirror is a drapery of cheese-cloth, lined with pink, embroidered with rose-wreaths and edged with lace. Supplement this with a dainty pin-cushion, a pair of brass dragon candlesticks, holding pink candles, a pair of ivory brushes, and the other appurtenances of toilet use you have, at small expense, an inviting object in your room. Chintz or *crêtonne*, attainable nowadays in simple flat tints of color subordinated to geometrical grouping in design, is a valuable adjunct to economically-inclined house-keepers. Curtains are often made of a single width of the *crêtonne*, edged with a narrow box-plaiting of the same, draped in folds to hang unlooped on either side of the window frame. The valance at the top is a mere band of *crêtonne*, lined with stiff material, and bordered with box-plaitings. Drapery like this can be put up by expert fingers with no more important aid than that afforded by a step-ladder and a few tacks. Under it should be hung sash curtains of small-patterned muslin, leno or madras. With a lounge covered in the same material, a few odd tables

and chairs, some book and mantel-shelves to contain pet books, a shaker rocking-chair, the perfection of homely ease, a few photo-gravures in frames of gilded oak, the bed-room may be made as attractive, in its way, as the more costly apartments below stairs. The new American wall-papers are excellent in design, at so small a cost that one can hardly resist giving the key-note to a room by using one of them. The washstand also invites domestic ingenuity to try its skill in adornment. The "splash" curtain used behind it to protect the wall may be worked in colored washing-cottons upon linen in a variety of designs, and a young lady has recently painted a complete toilet set on ivory-tinted ware, with patterns of seaweed, grass and shells.

**A PRETTY SCREEN.**—No modern drawing or sitting-room is considered furnished without at least one screen. It can be moved about to preserve from draughts, it makes a cozy corner on cold days when the room seems too large to be pleasant. A very pretty screen can be made with a three-leaved clotheshorse covered neatly with heavy wall-paper of a good design, and finished with a dado. A handsome one can be made by covering this framework with a coarse canvas fastened strongly with tacks, the canvas to be covered with paper; so much for the foundation of our screen. The woodwork will be hidden by bands of stamped leather sold in strips of two or three inches wide, and very cheap. This will be fastened on by fancy brass-headed nails. On one side we will have Japanese papers, figures and flowers, etc., on a black ground, and on the other side some *crêtonne*.

**TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.**—If mahogany, or other wood, is required to be of a dark color, cold drawn linseed oil should be used.

## Fancy Needlework.



OCTAGON WICKER-BASKET.

**AN OCTAGON WICKER-BASKET WORKED WITH CREWELS.**—The upper sides of the basket are worked in points in marking stitch with bronze-colored wool, and small leaves in long stitch of yellow floss-silk. A similar pattern of three leaves worked with bright blue wool on each point

of the wicker. The whole of the basket is lined with blue silk, leaving the open wicker edge free. A double row of cord is sewn round the bottom, and between it is a band of bronze worked with vandykes of yellow silk. Another cord of bronze point covers the upper edge.



**A USEFUL SATCHEL.**—Materials: Deep red plush, red silk for lining, old gold-colored ribbon, pale blue and gold-colored twist and hand-strap of red morocco, with gilt buckles.

Take a width of deep red plush, about three-quarters of a yard long. Tack on a band of olive-green satin ribbon down the centre, and another band of ribbon round the border of the velvet, leaving a suitable space all round. The centre band should not extend beyond the outer ribbon. On each side of the ribbon is a fine cord of a paler shade, spotted with gold-colored silk. The ribbon is crossed with pale blue cord in lozenges, fastened with an embroidered spot of gold silk. The outer edges of the ribbon are worked with points of blue cord, with a trefoil at each point. The bag is lined with red satin, and quilted and wadded. It is then doubled into three, and stitched up to form a pocket, leaving the third part to fold over. A handsome cord of the various colors finishes off the edges.



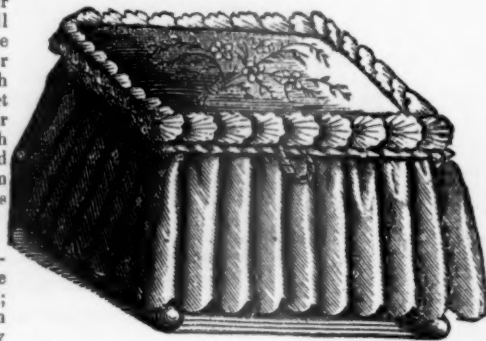
A USEFUL SATCHEL.

**TRAVELING BASKET.**—A cheap plaited straw basket may be made exceedingly pretty by the addition of a trimming composed of eight pointed scollops, cut out of any piece of colored beige or light cloth. The size round the top must be ascertained, and divided into eight parts, which will give the width required for each scollop. These scollops can be braided with bright, contrasting colors. The pattern should be traced on tissue paper, and tacked on the cloth: the braiding is then an easy matter and the paper can be pulled away when the work is finished. The scollops should have a narrow band of black, or some dark suitable shade of cloth or velvet, sewn round the edge, leaving the same width of cloth beyond, worked with a braid on each edge, and pattern of cross stitching in netting silk. After attaching the scollops to the basket, a full ruche of satin ribbon is fastened round the top with a cord formed of twisted braids or wool. The tassels are made of wool with knitted silk tops. The handles of the basket are better made of string, as they are stronger than straw, and can be easily covered with ribbon, or strips of cloth, and recovered when shabby. Strings of the same ribbon as the ruche are stitched on at the handles and tied across the basket.



TRAVELING-BASKET.

**JEWEL-BOX.**—The box is made of card-board. Cut the board into six pieces, five inches in length and three inches in depth; cover them with blue or any colored satin to match the toilet. The inside is slightly wadded. Sew four parts together, and add another for the bottom of the box; the sixth part forms the lid, the outside of which is covered with a pattern embroidered on canvas, and well wadded. The edge is trimmed with ribbon leaves and a thick cord to match. A frill of satin



JEWEL-BOX.

ribbon is neatly sewn on the upper edges of the box, and hangs loose at the bottom. The box is mounted on four gilt balls.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

IN addition to the surtout costumes, mentioned in our last number, Dame Fashion gives models for tea-gowns and pilgrimage-suits. The former of these consists of a pleated round skirt, or perhaps a slight demi-train worn with a long gown which is nearly straight. The fronts are loose, without darts, and fall open from the throat, disclosing the dress beneath. The back has short English side forms fitted as closely as a basque, is quite smooth over the tournure, and the middle back forms end in large loops with sash ends. The straight front and sides fit as smoothly as possible, and meet just under the loops of the back, falling open thence. The underdress may be of a dark red or blue cashmere, skirt and basque, and the long gown of gay brocade silk, trimmed with collar, cuffs, pockets and facings to match the cashmere. The gown is tied at the throat with a bunch of ribbon of a contrasting color—red, if the cashmere, trimmings, etc., be blue. A band of brocade like the gown, four inches wide is around the kilt skirt.

The pilgrimage-suit, with long gown and hood, is intended for yachting and traveling. This has a long, straight overdress, with a loose front, like a tea-gown, tied instead of buttoned, made of navy-blue serge, or else bottle-green cashmere, lined throughout with red Surah silk. A square collar of doubled Surah, a monk's hood lined with the bright Surah, and square cuffs of the silk, doubled and turned over at the top, brighten this garment. The skirt is a serge kilt, and the waist is a sailor-like blouse of red Surah, which shows plainly as the gown slopes away from the throat. A square

collar in sailor shape is on the blouse, while the hood is on the overdress.

Dresses generally, however, vary little. It is very easy to remodel old dresses by making use of the novelty goods for trimming and combination—that is, the figured and brocade fabrics. Whole cloth suits are severely plain. Coat basques, and long-waisted, tight-fitting jackets, are frequently made of a material entirely different from the skirt, which last, however, may be decorated with folds, or pleatings of the same stuff as the bodice. White and ecru muslins trimmed with embroidery are much liked.

Handkerchief suits still retain popularity, as also the unbleached muslin or cheese-cloth costumes, trimmed with Madras cloths or red calicoes. Soft flannel, called *beige de santé*, makes useful everyday suits. A new fancy for grenadine dresses is to make them up over red or yellow silk, instead of black, as formerly. Such dresses are ornamented with clusters of red and yellow roses.

Handsome fringes and jet ornaments are used upon handsome black costumes. These last usually have some touches of color—red, yellow, or both together, being the favorites. Black and creamy Spanish lace will be worn more than ever.

Hats become more and more eccentric, turned up in front or at the side, or even at the back, in which latter case they come down like a thatched roof over the brow. The English gypsy hat is in great favor for young ladies. It has a scoop front, and is similarly rounded in the back, where it rolls over slightly; the sides are quite close to the head. Turbans with wide, rolled brims, and crowns sloping almost to a point, are new, but the popular shape has the soft crown of the material of the costume laid in many folds.

## Notes and Comments.

### One Day in Seven.

The primal idea of Sunday never grew out of a man's brain. No human intelligence ever devised the plan of forcing men to stop short at stated times in their plowing, buying, cobbling and all the million ways of earning food and clothes, to ask themselves, "What is the meaning of it all? Where did I come from before I began this work? Where am I going? What am I to do when the journey is over?"

New York Tribune.

NO man who has intelligence enough to think above the natural and sensual degrees of his life, can have any doubt in regard to the true meaning and value of the one day in seven which is given to freedom from labor and the care of providing for the needs of the body. Men may differ in their views as to the right observance of this one day; but there is no really sane man who would not regard its abolition as among the greatest of calamities that could befall society.

But the question as to how it shall be observed—the cessation from labor being accorded—must be

determined by each individual for himself, and each must be left free to spend Sunday as he pleases, so that he does not violate the law, disturb public order or interfere with his neighbor's rights or privileges. Any attempt of one class of persons to enforce their peculiar method of keeping Sunday upon another class that holds a different view in regard to the manner of spending this day, has its origin in bigotry, and is wrong and oppressive. The law goes no further than to require of the people that they shall abstain from their ordinary business on Sunday—that labor and traffic shall cease on that day. But as to how this day of enforced idleness shall be spent it says not a word—leaving every one free to get the most good out of it that he can, according to his condition, opinions, needs and feelings. Those who seek for the highest good, make it a day of religious instruction and worship; but there are many, and these constitute at the present time the larger part of every community, who take

but little, if any interest in spiritual things, and who will not keep the day with any religious observance. And yet Sunday is for these also, and if they find in it only mental and physical recreation, after the toil of a week, it has given them from its ample store of blessings for every degree of life, the best they will take.

Everything that hurts the neighbor, and everything that is irreverent or blasphemous, is as wrong for Sunday as for week days—and all violations of divine law rest just here. Now, a moment's reflection will make it clear to any unprejudiced mind, that a walk in the country on Sunday does no wrong to the neighbor, and has in it nothing irreverent or blasphemous. And there are minds so constituted, that a truer worship may be offered up in the great temple of nature than in a house built by human hands. What is true of a walk in the country, is just as true in regard to visiting a library or picture gallery, and spending some of the hours assigned to rest and recreation among books or works of art. The hard-working mechanic, the closely employed clerk or merchant, who does not feel inclined to go to church, would be far more profitably and innocently employed if taste and inclination led him to a library or a picture gallery, than if he were to lie stupidly in bed, or were drawn into vicious associations, as so many are in their efforts to kill time. In what lies the difference, before God, of spending one or more hours on Sunday in a library at home, or in spending an equal portion of time in a public library? Do Christian men and women never look on Sunday at the pictures which adorn the walls of their houses, or show them with pride and pleasure to their friends?

Let the over-zealous Sabbatarian, who is so ready to abridge the freedom of others in their use of Sunday, look a little more closely into the ways in which Christian people themselves spend the larger part of each day of rest. Are all the hours given to pious service, or spiritual instruction? Is there no use of the library? No enjoyment of pictures at home or in the houses of friends? No cultivation of a taste for the beautiful? No healthful walks, or pleasant, social visiting? No sports with children, or cheerful intercourse with friends? Can he give a reason that any man of sound judgment will accept, or that clearly satisfies even himself, why these things may innocently be done by professing Christians, and yet sin lie at the door of him who, having no books or pictures of his own, seeks a public library or picture gallery in which to spend a portion of Sunday?

The volunteer keepers of other men's consciences are a considerable class in every community. As might be supposed, they are, as a rule, too much absorbed in the work of keeping others in the external, narrow way which they call the way to Heaven, to give as much heed as might be prudent to their own steps. They lay great stress on mere observance, and denounce and condemn those who do not agree with them, with a zeal that is often without knowledge. Too many of them are only self-deceiving Pharisees, who make a parade of religion on Sunday, but who are not distinguished for justice and sincerity in their business life and common dealings with their fellow-men.

But there is a truer and nobler type of Christian men and women, who are steadily growing in

numbers and gaining in influence. They are not of the holier-than-thou class; and do not regard themselves as special favorites of God because of any profession, or union with any body calling itself a church. They are worshipping Christians; worshipping as well in their observance of the golden rule in business, and home, and social life, as in the congregation of the people on Sunday. With them religion is life, and the life of religion to do good.

Christian men and women of this class are beginning to understand more and more clearly the true meaning of our Lord's word: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" and to see that whatever is good for a man in any of the degrees of his life, is right to be done on the Lord's day. If there are those who will not, or who cannot for lack of the spiritual culture to do so, appropriate to themselves the higher blessings and privileges which this day of freedom from the care of providing for the body gives them the opportunity to accept and enjoy, shall we deny to them the blessings and privileges of every lower degree? If they will not go to church, because the church does not offer them what they desire, shall we shut them out of the library, the picture gallery, the Park and the garden; when we know that the gates to vice and crime stand open on every side?

You cannot draw men toward the church by dealing with them in this way; but you may, and usually do by such a course push them farther away from it than they would otherwise stand. The ground of a healthy and cheerful mind, which needs a healthy body to rest upon, is far more favorable to the germination of heavenly seed and the growth of love to God and the neighbor, than the ground of a sour, gloomy and discontented spirit; whatever helps to promote the former and dispel the latter, is good to be done on Sunday. It is good, therefore, for those who have been confined in workshops, and stores, and close rooms, and amid depressing and nerve-exhausting conditions all the week, to get out into the open air in some part of the day on Sunday. To seek if they can, the woods and fields, and to obtain all possible and orderly mental and bodily recreation. What this shall be, each one must be left free to determine for himself, so that he does not wrong or disturb others; and true Christian charity will endeavor to enlarge these means of Sunday recreation instead of seeking to abridge them. Let, them be sanctified to use—higher or lower use as the case may be—and the blessing of God will be upon them.

To keep holy the Sabbath is to keep the heart free from evil, and to consecrate the day to the service of others. What the character of that service shall be will depend entirely upon the condition and special needs of those we seek to benefit. If we cannot draw them into our churches, let us do the best for them that we can outside of the churches. If they do not care for spiritual things, let us meet them on the natural plane of life, and do for them there the best that is possible. There is no evil in innocent enjoyment; no more evil for Sunday than for a week day. Give the people full liberty in innocent things, and you will the more easily implant in them spiritual things; for these can only take root in the ground of freedom and innocence.

## Viola and the Miniature.

SHAKESPEARE, in "Twelfth Night," gives us merely a suggestion of this beautiful picture. Viola, while disguised as a page, and serving the noble duke, Orsino, whom she loves devotedly, is herself, in her supposed character, loved by the fair countess, Olivia, to whom Orsino is paying court. The duke, having sent his pretended page with a message to the lady, the latter presses her portrait into Viola's hand with these words:

"Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And I beseech you come again to-morrow."

We can imagine the young girl's confused feelings, as in solitude she contemplates the representation of the lovely lady's face. No doubt a deep sympathy predominates, for Viola as well as Olivia cherishes a secret, hopeless passion. And no doubt, also, in later years, Viola prized Olivia's portrait as that of a beloved sister—for, of course, all ends well. As our readers are aware, Viola's brother Sebastian is so like herself in her masculine attire, that Olivia marries him without discovering her mistake; whereupon Orsino, finding himself baffled, and learning Viola's identity, rewards her for her faithfulness by making her his wife. Olivia and Viola greet each other as sisters, and all are happy.

## Atlantic City.

OUR Ocean Suburb will present many new attractions this season, and an unusually large influx of visitors may be anticipated. During the winter and spring, a number of hotels and boarding-cottages were kept open, some of which were well filled with invalids and health-seekers who find the air of Atlantic City particularly genial and bracing. There is a dryness in the atmosphere not found at any other sea-side resort, except Newport, and physicians generally give it the preference when they desire sea air for their patients. The railroad facilities are much increased; but the public will still find the old reliable Camden & Atlantic Road the safest and speediest line of transit to the shore.

## Publishers' Department.

## HAY FEVER.

This affection is known by other names: "Rose Cold," "Hay Asthma," etc. But a large majority of the cases begin in August, and entirely independent of the presence of hay or roses. The most appropriate name, perhaps, is Annual Catarrh. And yet some cases, in some of their stages, present marked symptoms of Asthma.

It is needless to say that this affection has baffled every kind of medical treatment. It is very properly styled an "*opprobrium medendi*." We have experience, however, to warrant us in saying that almost every case of it may be cured. But it is of little use to expect that an attack can be stopped, if the treatment be delayed until it is fully established.

So far, in our administration of Compound Oxygen, we have had but a few cases of Hay Fever; but in each of these cases relief has been

prompt. The disease occurring but once a year, and being of comparatively short duration, persons affected therewith have not sought our treatment in the same proportion as those suffering from chronic affections of a more permanent character.

But we are satisfied that "Hay Fever" will yield as surely to the action of Compound Oxygen as any other nervous or catarrhal disease. But the treatment, to be surely successful, should be commenced long enough before the expected invasion of the disease for the patient to have taken one full two months' supply of Compound Oxygen. Then a new supply should be on hand within the first ten days of the attack, to be promptly used if the attack make its appearance. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which contains an account of the discovery of this new remedy for chronic diseases, and a record of remarkable cases and cures, sent free. Address Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia, Pa.

## RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

## INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

From the New York Tribune.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Professor Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of February 7th a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home as they do to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past one hundred years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany, it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking-powders. In his paper, the doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on the premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East River. This shed I had com-



pletely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured sixteen dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number from one to sixteen. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished December 3d. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments:

"Dog No. 1.—Breed of dog, coach. Age, one year. Health, perfect. Food, bread and crackers. Color, spotted black and white. Weight, thirty-five pounds.

"To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of September, was given eight biscuits at 8:10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, twenty teaspoons alum baking-powder, two cups water, one tablespoon butter; twenty-two biscuits made, weighing twenty-seven ounces; time of baking, twenty minutes.

"At 11:30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only ten teaspoonfuls of alum baking-powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When, on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking-powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them. When the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition, Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance, having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion

of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicated, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs, as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject, the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking-powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking-powder is used are very dangerous; for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, that entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking-powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil; scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty being the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever; and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

CASTORIA IS PLEASANT TO TAKE, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No SOUR-CURD or Wind-Colic; no FEVERISHNESS or Diarrhoea; no Congestion or WORMS, and no CROSS CHILDREN or WORN-OUT MOTHERS where CASTORIA is used.